

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1884.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 234



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### MEN AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Just at an age when a man begins to get himself well in hand, to grow broader in his views, sweeter in his temper, to lose the acidity, the positiveness, the inability of youth to generalize the detailed experience he has gained—to be fit, in a word, to accomplish the work he had planned to do in the world—he begins, if he is a father, to set himself wholly on one side for the sake of the future little men and women about his table. His great picture is never painted, his epic is never written, the best work of which he is capable is never done; he gives himself up to pot-boilers in order to bring up another man, who perhaps may be inferior to himself. This is the work which has been going on since the beginning of the world. We make much of the pelican who robs her breast of a few drops of blood for her young, but the great rule of humanity has been that one generation of middle-aged people sacrificed their chances, their hopes, their work for the world, for their children. The great oak crumbles and dies that the ground may be richer for the sapling. It is a just sequence. But it may be carried too far, and it is carried further in America than in any other country. Fathers and mothers have a right of development which they themselves are bound to respect. A man will be the better able to elevate his children if he stops his daily suicidal grind long enough to consider that he also is a human being, whose character and work in the world will probably be quite as helpful as the boy's for whom he is sacrificing all his time and opportunities. One is sometimes tempted to wonder whether in the lives to come there will not be some place where the ambitions and hopes and thwarted possibilities of the middle-aged may have the chances which here, fitly enough, are reserved for the young.—*New York Tribune*

A farmer, living near Rankin Station on the Kentucky Central, whose wife was suffering intensely from toothache, decided to come to town with her for the purpose of having her teeth extracted. Pretty soon after they had taken their seats on the car the farmer walked into the smoking car telling his wife he would return directly. During the absence of her husband the conductor came leisurely into the car, ticket punch in hand and approaching the lady reached out for her ticket, whereupon the victim of toothache opened her mouth and caught him, saying, "You needn't mind giving me chloroform doctor; just pull them out, I'll try and stand it and when my husband comes back he will settle with you."—*Paris News*.

### HUMAN WORK AND HUMAN WASTE.

Work means waste, equally to a human body and a locomotive engine. "More work, more waste," is a motto alike true of the mechanic's apparatus and of the mechanic himself. Not an action, we repeat, is performed by us which is not accompanied by an expenditure of force derived from and accompanied by a proportional waste of substance. The movements of muscles, the beating of the heart, the winking of an eyelid, the thinking a thought, entail wear and tear upon the muscles that work and the brain-cells that think. Every action necessitates bodily waste and corresponding physical repair. Waste, however, cannot of necessity be a single and final process in a living body—unless, indeed, we were born with a full complement of matter, and were permitted in the order of nature to live on the principals with which we had been provided, instead of wisely using that principal as a means of gaining a livelihood through the interest it acquired. That we are not so constituted is an evident fact, hence our bodies demand pretty constant repair as a companion action to that of work, labor and duty. This process of repair consists in the reception of matter from the outer world, in the transformation of this matter into ourselves, and in its utilization in the work and repair of the frame. Such matter we shortly name food, and the processes whereby it is converted into our own bodily substance we term digestion.—*Chambers' Journal*.

"Can nobody," asks the London *Spectator*, "suggest a stuff bit of work for English capitalists to do? They are standing idle in heaps, and they do not like it at all. According to the *Statist*, a sum of money estimated at £200,000,000, or say nearly three years' revenue, is lying waiting for the profitable investment which it is so difficult to find, and, although that figure may be an exaggeration—we see no reason for thinking so—it is certain that the total sum available for new forms of enterprise must be very large."

HARRY JOSEPHS, who died lately in Boston, was a comical comedian on the stage, but when about to die from a sudden attack of heart disease he tragically cried: "Pray for me. Oh, God, receive my spirit!" Mr. Josephs was a half brother of the Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of Chicago, and a brother of Fanny Josephs, the famous London actress.

Henry Watterson says the talk about the old ticket is the sheerest nonsense, and he generally knows what he is talking about when Tilden is concerned.

### THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"A little money will buy wood an' taters an' bacon an' shoes an' cloze," said the old man as the meeting opened. "Lots of money will buy silks an' satins an' jewelry an' white horses. De man wid a little money seems to believe dat de man wid lots of it am takin' all de comfort. I used to hab dat ideah, but Ize got ober it. It am my solum belief dat de man who sots down befo' his own fire, wid his wife on de right and his chil'en 'on de left, an' de ol' cat an' a pan full o' apples in de middle, am in a position to take jist as much comfort as if he lived in a house wid golden stairs. Take de world frew an' you'll fin' dat de humblest homes am de happiest. De man who has steady work, a savin' wife, an' healthy children wouldn't be a bit happier if he was to draw \$50,000 in a lottery. If he don't take comfort it's his own fault. It's her own fault if his wife isn't happy. Sometimes my ole woman gits de blues an' blows aroun' kase she sees odder folks ride out in deir keeridges an' dress up in deir satins, but I build up a good fire, git out de apples, cider, an' pop-corn, draw up de big rockin'-cheer an' she can't stan' it moah dan ten minnits. De blues begin to fly away, and she pats de bald spot on my head and says: 'We has a cabin of our own, plenty to eat, a little money in de bank, an' I 'spect we kin sot down an' take as solid comfort as if you war Guv'-ner an' I had ten silk dresses.' He who makes de most of what he's got am fittin' himself to enjoy better. No situation but what could be made worse. Ebery dollar made by honest work ought to bring \$2 wort of solid comfort. Wid dese few remarks, called forth by overhearin' Samuel Shin growlin' aroun' becase he couldn't have mashed 'taters at every meal, we will now eradicate de usual order of business."—*Free Press*.

The hour was twilight and as the lustre of the stars grew brighter in the gathering darkness he passed his lips to the forehead of the beautiful woman who stood beside him and said tenderly: "When will you consent to name the day of our union, darling—to let the wings of my imagination rest?" And she answered nestling her cheek against his shoulder: "When you have had your life insured, dearest, and made me a present of the policy."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The Brooklyn bridge has been open to the public for eight months, and estimates of its running expenses and receipts for a year, based upon this experience, are that the expenses will be \$280,000 and the receipts \$521,000 leaving a profit of \$241,000, with which to help pay interest amounting to a million dollars on the bonds issued for its construction.

### EDUCATIONAL HUMOR.

Once, a teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word cuticle. "What is that, all over my face and hands?" "Freckles," answered the little cherub.

A small child, being asked by a Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

A MINISTER, in one of his visits, met a boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About 12, sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at 1 again."

THREE little boys, on a Sabbath day, were stopped on the street by an elderly gentleman who, perceiving that they had bats and balls with them, asked one of the number this question: "Boy, can you tell me where all naughty boys go to who play ball on Sunday?" "Over back of Johnson's dam," the youngster replied.

"SAM," said a young mother, "do you know what the difference is between the body and the soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body (touching the boy's shoulders and arms), but there is something deeper in you. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, yes, I know," said he, with a flash of intelligence in his eye, "that is my flannel shirt."—*Barnes' Educational Monthly*.

There is a doctor in this town who is too parsimonious to enjoy good health. He eats about one square meal a day, and tries to make himself believe he gets two more, but he don't, for breakfast and supper are merely a sham. Not contented with starving himself and family, he has just hit on a new scheme to starve his own horse and yet make the poor animal think it is his own fault that he don't get fatter.

In the back part of the manger, where the corn is put, he has set a square piece of looking glass, which he keeps highly polished. He puts in about four ears of corn and of course the poor horse sees the reflection and braces himself for a good square meal, fondly imagining that he is getting eight. As he eats the corn off the cob, the fictitious ears also disappear, and eight cobs appear to his astonished eyes. He then wonders how he can have gotten away with eight ears and yet feel no more weight in his stomach. This conundrum, added to the light feed, is wearing the poor animal away so fast that if the doctor don't make a change ere long, he will go around killing his patients on foot.—*Evansville Argus*.

### THE FIGHTING PARSON'S ADVICE.

Of a clergyman in Massachusetts whose pugilistic propensities caused him to be called behind his back "the fighting parson," it is told that one of his parishioners asked him to preach from Matthew v, 29—"Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Certainly he would, the next Sunday. And there was a great crowd to hear how one of his temperament would treat such a subject. After giving out the text, he said the meaning was very clear and the doctrine very satisfactory. "If a man smite thee on thy right cheek, it may be a mistake; it may have been in sudden passion and repented at once. You should bear it, and turn to him the other cheek in order to learn what the intention is. But if he smite you again, let him have it! for there is no scripture against that."

NEAR Charleston, S. C., twenty miles up the Ashley river, and just in front of Drayton Hall, stands one of the finest trees on the continent of America. It is a live oak, and looks as though it had lived 1,000 years, and was good for 1,000 or 10,000 more. Four feet from the ground this tree girths nineteen feet ten inches, the spread of its branches being 111 and 122 feet. It is round topped and perfectly symmetrical.

PLANTS, like animals, differ much in their habit, and the different sorts of food on which they subsist. The broad-leaved clovers, turnips and mangels abstract from the air a large portion of their growth, while the narrow-leaved grains and grasses partake more largely of mineral food, which they draw from the soil. This fact will explain the great advantage of rotation of crops.

SAYS *Andrews' American Queen*: "Those who think that, in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. How many ambitious women, in society or out of it, would escape the shafts of ridicule if they had sense enough to understand this."

THE BEST WAY.—The agricultural editor of the *Stanford Journal* says the best way to prevent moles from taking corn after it has been planted is to "kill 'em." This reminds us of similar advice given Ed Chamberlain, the poor fellow who committed suicide in New Orleans last week, several years ago when he was a merchant in Midway. A New York sharper advertised that for fifty cents he would tell any body the best way to catch rats. Ed sent his half dollar and in due time received a slip containing the following: "Catch 'em by the tail."—*Richmond Herald*.

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## HEALTH NOTES.

Milk and blood are nearer alike than any other two fluids; a large proportion of each is water. After milk, breadstuffs and vegetables are the best diet, and, in warm climates, fruit; then meats. Sugar and fat go into the body, not so much to nourish it as to be a fuel to give it warmth. Meat contains much nitrogenous matter, and, if we eat too much of it, there will be, as I have already said, more than the kidneys can throw off. It is a question whether Bright's disease is not, to some extent, attributable to the undue quantity of meat that is eaten in this country. The blood should be made of material suited to the occupation. Men working in the woods can throw off anything.

"Cleanliness has been classed as akin to godliness. It certainly takes high rank in equalizing the circulation. The jockeys appreciate its importance. How regularly and carefully they groom their horses! Is not man as precious as the horse? Every man should groom himself every morning—sponge himself from head to foot with water the temperature of the room in which he sleeps. The purpose of wetting the surface is merely to make the friction of a rough towel more effective as it is rubbed over the person. You should not sleep in any garment that you wear by day, and the room in which you sleep should be perfectly ventilated by a fireplace and a partly-opened window if possible.

"If, after you have observed the rules of hygiene to the extent that I have indicated, you still have cold feet and limbs and indigestion and a tendency to vertigo, plunge your feet in the water as hot as you can bear it, and keep them there five minutes. Then put them in cold water for a second—I don't care if it is ice-cold. Do as I have pointed out, and keep the bowels open, and you may safely walk the streets even in the slush of a January thaw, and bid defiance to the sudden crispness of atmosphere that freezes other men's feet."

"Cool head, free bowels and warm feet," is the old aphorism. If you suffer your feet to get cold you are in danger of apoplexy of the brain or of the lungs. Cold feet are very likely to be associated with a sluggish state of the bowels. The feet are cold because there is too much blood in one place and too little in another. Cold feet follow the breaking of an equilibrium of the circulation. Sedentary occupations are provocative of cold feet. If you keep the skin clean and the bowels free, and take moderate exercise you will maintain an equilibrium of the circulation, and this equalized circulation will keep the feet warm. When the feet are cold it is better to warm them with exercise than at a fire. Look at the woodchopper, swinging his arms so that his hands slap his sides. Thus he carries the blood to his hands, and it warms them. That is the best warmth for either the hands or the feet.

Why should not men take care of themselves at all times—not only in yellow-fever time and in weather like that of an average January or February, but at all times? There is a vast difference between the longevity of men who take care of themselves and of those who do not. It is, as the life-insurance companies' tables show, as thirty-five is to about seventy. The man who bows to all the known laws of hygiene not only lives longer, but is able to enter into all the joys of life without aches and pains that insulated nature imposes when in rebellion.

"You make me think," John William said, dropping upon the sofa beside a pretty girl, on Sunday evening, "of a bank whereon wild thyme grows." "Do I?" she murmured; "it is so nice; but that is pa's step in the hall, and unless you can drop out of the front window before I cease speaking, you'll have a little wild time with him, my own, for he loves you not." But John William didn't quite understand, and now you can make him grow wild time and time again by simply asking him what makes him go lame when he walks.

## Never Knew What Killed Him.

"I was chopping in the woods one day last winter," said he, "when my dog, a healthy terrier, crawled into a hollow log and found a con. He took Mr. Con by the nose and pulled him out into my presence. When the con saw how I was situated, with a big ax and a yearning look, he yanked the dog back into the hole in the log. The dog was a light weight, but his stinging qualities were something to contemplate. He had the con firmly clinched and to that gentle influence he yielded frequently, but as often withdrew from the cold world, taking the ambitious purp with him. They kept seeing it off this way for an hour and it began to look as though the con was going to win the rubber, when an idea struck me. When the dog pulled the con out to view I aimed my ax and struck a terrific blow at the con's neck. Just then he gave a jerk and pulled the dog's head to the spot where his should have been.

That dog don't know to this day but that it was the con that killed him?—[Nels Pratt, in the Eye.

## BEAU BRUMMELL.

Many interesting stories about Brummell, the famous beau, are told in an article in *All the Year Round*: "We are told that this eminent arbiter required two different articles to make his gloves, one being appointed to provide thumbs, the other the fingers and hand, on the ground that a particular 'cut' was necessary for each. The valet carrying down the load of crushed handkerchiefs, which the beau had not succeeded in squeezing with his chin down into the proper folds, and which were carelessly described as 'our failures,' is an old, well-worn legend, but trustworthy.

"When he was consulted as to what income was necessary to dress suitably on, he replied 'he believed that with strict economy it might be done on £800 a year.' It is said that he always went home after the opera, to change his cravat for the succeeding parties. Like Count d'Orsay, the later dandy, he carried about with him an enormous chest, containing every appliance for the toilet, the dishes, bottles, etc., being of silver. The use of these costly articles he justified on the ground 'that it was impossible to spit in earthenware.' Another of his pleasant, insolent speeches was to a friend inviting his criticism or admiration of his new coat. 'My dear —, do you call that thing a coat?'

"At Watier's Club, instituted about 1807, where gaming prevailed to an extravagant degree, he reigned. He was particularly noted for his snuff-boxes—a mania of the time—costly jeweled and enameled and be-miniatured boxes being displayed and given as presents. At this place he (Mr. Rikes says) was the supreme dictator, the perpetual President, laying down the law in dress, in manners, and in those magnificent snuff-boxes for which there was a rage; he fomented the excesses, ridiculed the scruples, patronized the novices, and exercised paramount dominion over all. He had great success at Macao, winning in two or three years a large sum, which went no one knew how. I remember him coming in one night after the opera to Watier's, and finding the Macao table full, one place at which was occupied by Tom Sheridan, who was not in the habit of playing, but, having dined freely, had dropped into the club, and was trying to catch the smiles of fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place and go shares in his deal; and, adding to the £10 in counters which Tom had before him £200 for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won £1,500. He then stopped, made a fair division, and, giving £750 to Sheridan, said to him: 'There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again.'

## "CHALK YOUR HAT."

The cant phrase, "Chalk your hat," which is still current in many parts of the Union, is said to have had its origin in a literal illustration of the words. "Admiral" Reeside was an owner of various stage coaches in the days before railroads. He spent much of his time in Washington, where, indeed, he lived for several years. At the annual adjournment of Congress he would pass his friends of the House and Senate—he was well acquainted with all the prominent politicians of his era—over any stage line he controlled. He would say to an Ohioan or Kentuckian: "I suppose you're going back to Cincinnati or Louisville, and I'll pass you through by stage." When he was asked: "How?" he would reply: "Give me your hat." He would take the hat, make a calligraphic chalk mark on it impossible to counterfeit, and return it with the remark, "That will serve your turn; my agents will recognize that anywhere, and won't receive a cent from the men whose hat is so marked." Reeside was right. All his agents knew the sign at once. The thing became so common that some fellows tried to imitate it, but they were invariably detected and compelled to leave the stage or pay their fare. In the South and West "Chalk your hat" still stands for what the East styles dead heading.—*New York paper.*

## REMARKABLE HISTORICAL FACTS.

The battle of Waterloo was not an American victory, and it is a matter of doubt whether any Chinese took part therein.

Boarding-houses were unknown in the island of Juan Fernandez at the time Mr. Belkirk resided there.

Lager-beer was unknown in the days of Ptolemy.

The O'Ryan family are descended from the constellation Orion.

There are no existing Sanscrit manuscripts of Puss in Boots.

The melodies of Mother Goose are undoubtedly the production of Tupper.

Postage was not prepaid on the letters of Junius.

The egg broken by Columbus was hard-boiled.

Samson is presumed to have been the first gentleman that ever traveled on his muscle.

The Yankeeism, "Do Tell," was originally used by a boy named Albert, to his father, a Swiss gentleman, famous for his skill with the bow.

"Indian corn" would seem to indicate that the aborigines had an occasional need of the services of a chiropodist.

Salt was originally manufactured in the upper stories of buildings, hence sometimes called Attic.

## WISE WORDS.

This mind, impressive and soft, with ease  
Imbues and copies what she hears and sees;  
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clew  
That education gives her, false or true.  
—Cooper.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are  
always barren.

TRAITS of character which you seek  
to conceal you had better seek to reform.

NEVER judge by appearances. A  
seedy coat may cover a heart in full bloom.

The gout may be said to be a beacon  
on the rock of luxury to warn us  
against it.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do  
those things living which are desired to  
be when dying.

It is no vanity for a man to pride  
himself on what he has honestly got and  
prudently uses.

Let him who regards the loss of time  
make proper use of that which is to come  
in the future.

IDEAS generate ideas, like a potato  
which, cut in pieces, reproduces itself in  
a multiplied form.

TO endeavor to work upon the vulgar  
with fine sense is like attempting to hew  
blocks of marble with a razor.

HAPPINESS is like a sunbeam, which  
the least shadow intercepts, while adversity  
is often as the rain of spring.

"The book to be read," says Dr.  
McCosh, "is not the one which thinks  
for you, but the one which makes you think."

Mrs. EMMA SIMMS dropped a roll of  
bills amounting to \$1,300 on the street  
in Baltimore the other day. The money,  
somewhat scattered about, was picked  
up by Mr. John Myers. He remembered  
that it was the day of the grand  
procession, and looked upon the shower  
of greenbacks as a sham or some adventitious  
delusion; he at once resolved to  
make it a complete give-away, and handed  
around the money to all who desired  
it with an abandon beautiful to behold.  
Scenes that were ludicrous in the extreme  
ensued, though their ending was serious.  
The ideas of Mr. Myers took  
readily, and 5-cent cigars were coolly  
lighted with \$20 notes, nearly all the  
money being in notes of that denomination.  
Street gamblers posted a few around  
on awning-posts to deceive unsuspecting  
strangers. A boy sold one \$20 note for  
25 cents; and it is said \$500 additional  
were sold for the same amount. A lady,  
residing not far away, got a \$20 note,  
which she said she would keep in memory  
of the great celebration. A friend  
begged her for it that she might frame  
it and keep it, and the lady gave it to  
her. Mrs. Simms, meanwhile, informed  
an officer of her loss. He hastened to  
the spot, and managed to recover \$450  
of the amount, among it the \$20 note  
gotten by the lady mentioned above.  
The discovery of the facts caused consternation  
among those who had so freely  
made away with what they believed  
to be bogus treasure, and much regret  
was expressed for the loss sustained by  
Mrs. Simms. The case decidedly one  
of the most singular on record.

An old lady, aged 112 years, lately  
died at Glogitz, a small town in Silesia.  
She possibly headed the list of Europe  
an centenarians. This remarkable person,  
by name Judith Singer, was a Jewess,  
and furnishes another instance of  
the longevity of her race. It is stated  
that she was born on the 11th of June  
1768, and had already become the mother  
of two children when the present Emperor  
of Germany was born, nearly  
eighty-four years since. Of her fifteen  
sons and daughters only three have survived  
their mother. Mrs. Singer has  
yearly buried her eldest daughter at  
the good old age of 84 years. She possesses  
all her faculties except that of sight.  
Frederick the Great died when she was  
18 years old, and she had just come  
age at the outbreak of the French Revolution.  
She asserted that she could distinctly  
remember the rejoicings which took place  
in her native town on the occasion of the  
first partition of Poland in 1771.

## CAUSES OF WAR.

A certain King sent to another King,  
saying, "Send me a blue pig with a  
black tail, or else."

The other replied, "I have not got  
one, and if I had—"

On this weighty cause they went to  
war. After they had exhausted their  
armies and resources, and laid waste  
their kingdoms, they began to wish to  
make peace; but before this could be  
done it was necessary that the insulting  
language that led to the trouble should  
be explained.

"What could you mean," asked the  
second King of the first, "by saying,  
Send me a blue pig with a black tail,  
or else—?"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a  
blue color. But what could you mean  
by saying, I have not got one, and if I  
had—?"

"Why, of course, if I had I should  
have sent it."

The explanation was satisfactory, and  
the peace was accordingly concluded.

The story of the two Kings ought to  
serve as a lesson to us all. Most of the  
quarrels between individuals are quite  
as foolish as the war of the blue pig  
with a black tail.

—The engagement of Mrs. Frank Leslie  
to the Marquis de Luville, of France, is  
announced.

## CONCUSSION.

I am a happy woman? Yes.  
The measure of my happiness  
Falls bounty on no higher hill  
Than surely happy am! Yet still—

My brown hair has no silver thread,  
My fresh cheek shows its white and red  
As fairest in the eyes of men  
My love hath chosen me. But then—

Health, wealth are mine. Great need of praise  
Makes bright the sunshine of my days.  
In pleasant paths my feet are set;  
Friends guard me tenderly. And yet—

The robins flutter to the hedge,  
The sparrows seek the window ledge;  
The eagle rests upon the cliff;  
My place is here. But I—what if—

I watch the village lovers pass  
With lettering footsteps on the grass,  
And mind me once—ah, yes! I know  
The sweetest dream must fade; and so—  
—Scribner.

A THRILLING exhibition of nerve was  
furnished by a Cincinnati painter  
some time ago. We quote from the  
*Commercial* of that city: Bernard  
Koehler and Fritz Higen began painting  
a large house at Betts street and  
Central avenue. Three o'clock in the  
afternoon found them close up under the  
eaves of the house, and sixty-five feet  
from the ground. They had just finished  
the surface within reach, and had  
started to lower the scaffold a few feet.  
When the required distance had been  
reached, Higen called to his partner to  
hang on to the rope until he (Higen)  
tied his own, when he would come over  
and perform a like service for him.  
Higen had just completed his own knot,  
when Koehler cried out: "Come over  
quick; I can't hold it." Higen, as  
quickly as possible, started across the  
aerial bridge, but had not gone two steps  
when he saw the man let go his hold,  
and felt the ladder give way beneath his  
feet. As he began the fall, in the energy  
of desperation he, with both hands,  
grasped the almost-smooth top of the  
fourth-story window cornice and there  
hung in the air, a distance of sixty feet  
from the pavement. He then gave an  
exhibition of nerve that terrified every  
one who saw it. Placing the toe of one  
boot against the window frame he gave  
his body a slight pendulum motion away  
from the house. A second push gave  
him a better impetus, and as he swung  
on the return toward the window he released  
his hold and went crashing  
through the glass safely to the floor  
of the fourth-story room, from whence  
he immediately looked out through the  
aperture he had made to see what had  
become of his companion. Koehler had  
not been quite so fortunate. As he went  
shooting through the air he caught the  
hanging rope with both hands and lessened  
his speed all the way down at the  
expense of all the cuticle of his palms,  
which was burned off by the friction.  
He landed in a sitting posture on the  
sidewalk, and was taken to the hospital  
with a pair of very sore hips.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONTRACTORS, NOTICE!  
For sale at public auction, on MONDAY, APRIL  
7, 1884, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the residence of  
Crisher, new and complete. It will contain  
nearly 100 pages of text. Terms—cash, or  
on 6 per cent. interest from date.

For full particulars, apply to Board, or address  
J. H. HARRIS, Attorney and Agent for owner.

SOMETHING NEW.  
To THE PUBLIC—I have established a new system  
of business in the mercantile line. I will  
sell my entire stock of goods on credit, and after the 1st  
day of April at an advance of

Only 5 Per Cent. Above Cost & Carriage.

This is something that has never been done by any  
retailer before, and will certainly attract everybody  
who has any sense. I will sell my goods at  
my prices. This is no humbug and to prove  
that I am in earnest, please call and examine my  
stock. I get out in cash every day, and find my  
patrons—me. Please remember that I sell strictly  
for cash or its equivalent. Highest market price  
paid for all kinds of country produce.

All persons indebted to me will please come  
forward at once and pay off their accounts, as I need  
the funds. Thanks for past favors.

W. H. HOWARD, Crab Orchard.

Crow's Smuggler!  
Is a dark mahogany bay horse, foaled June 15th,  
1883; full of hardy high, high style and good at all  
points; was sired by the champion trotting stallion  
of the world, the renowned Smuggler, record 2:15.4;  
first dam by Mammoth Starlight, by dam by Oliver,  
by Wagner, 31 dam by Wagner, 4th dam  
Helen Fawcett, by Imp. Tranny, 5th dam Neil  
Gwinning, by Thoroughbred, 6th dam by Imp.  
Trotter, 7th dam Settleby, by Imp. Spread Eagle,  
8th dam by Shark, 9th dam by Imp. Janus.  
Thus we have all the desired elements—a combination  
of the highest type of trotting, pacing and  
thoroughbred blood. Therefore Crow's Smuggler  
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OTHER LIVING STALLIONS—The fastest first heat



# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1884.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 234

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

AT—  
\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to  
suspend at any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

## SUPERSTITIONS OF TURKISH WOMEN.

The Turkish woman is a fanatical conservative. The world in which she lives is unmoved by the practical facts of the nineteenth century which make life a burden to her husband. No Chinaman was ever more impervious to ideas of improvement. She is fiercely intolerant in matters of religious belief. The teachings of the Koran have reached her by word of mouth, and surrounded by a perfect Talmud of tradition, and these teachings shape her view of the outside world. In obedience to them, she commonly hates foreigners with passion. As she passes you on the street she will pray with audible fervor that your eyes may become blind, or that God may curse you.

She is superstitious in the extreme. In sickness she will use the saliva of an old woman who has never been divorced, or will inhale the fetid breath of an odoriferous and saintly dervish, in preference to the choicest prescriptions of an educated physician. She is assured that Satan in person tempts Americans their skill in mechanical arts. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three-cornered bit of leather which incloses the mystic phrase which is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of ill luck, and will not celebrate the birthday anniversaries of her children, nor even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spell against the child.—*H. O. Dwight, in Harper's Magazine.*

## THE TIME HAD COME.

Three or four years ago when there was a grip in the potato market there lived near an interior village in this State a farmer named Peters. He raised good crops, paid his debts, and was down on rings of all sort. The price of potatoes kept going up and up, and the old farmer grew uneasy. He came into the village every evening to see how the market stood, and although he never said much it was evident that he would burst his hoops pretty soon if things continued on that way. At length the climax came. One evening the old man and his son had a warm corner in a grocery when a citizen entered with a newspaper in his hand and said:

"This New York daily says that the price of potatoes is certain to advance again before the week is out."

"What!" exclaimed Peters, "another advance in 'aters?"

"Yes, the Lord only knows what is to become of the poor if this potato ring isn't burst."

The farmer arose, buttoned his old white overcoat clear to his chin, brought his fist down hard on the cheese-box, and sternly said:

"The time has come! I've stood it—and stood it long as I can, and now I'm going to act! George we'll go home and get ready to throw fifty-six bushels of peaches on the market to-morrow, and bust that wicked ring all to thunder!"—*Wall Street News.*

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

"The baby has got a new tooth, but the old lady is laid up with a cold in her head, and Johnny is down with the measles," remarked a Galveston gentleman to a defeated candidate. "What in the thunder do I care?" was the reply of the defeated candidate, scowling furiously. "Well," said the gentleman slowly, "before the election you used to take me aside every time you met me and ask me how my family was coming or, so I thought you would like to know. As I was saying, Johnny is all broken out with the measles, and the baby—" "Go to Halifax!" roared the exasperated ex-candidate, producing a police whistle; all of which goes to show that the defeated candidate is quite as independent as the one who is elected.—*Indicador News.*

A little girl who applied to Queen Victoria for her autograph, received the following: "For of such is the kingdom of heaven. Victoria Regina."

The growth of Atlanta, Ga., continues. At the present time a half million dollars worth of buildings are in course of construction, and during the season of 1883, several attractive public buildings, and many handsome residences have been erected. The tax-revenues show an increase of over \$2,000,000, the value over last year. As the census of the whole State is less than 1,000,000 it will be seen that Atlanta has increased over one-fifth of the entire population of the State of Georgia.

## AN ARTIST'S STRUGGLES.

Most of our readers have heard of, and many may have seen, Banvard's great "Panorama of the Mississippi." It is said that the author of this immense work conceived its idea and determined on its execution when he was a mere boy, during a trip across the Mississippi in a row-boat at sunset. The story of his after-life is a record of singular persistence and success in carrying out a boyish dream.

When his father died, John Banvard was left a poor, friendless lad, and obtained employment with a druggist. But, so fond was he of sketching the likenesses of those about him on the walls with chalk or coal, that his master told him he made better likenesses than pills; so poor John lost his situation.

He then tried other plans, and met with many disappointments. Finally he obtained enough money to begin his great work. He bought a small skill, and set off alone on his perilous adventure.

He traveled thousands of miles, crossing the Mississippi backwards and forwards to secure the best points for making his sketches. All day long he went on sketching, and when the sun was about to set, he either shot wild fowl on the river, or hauling the little boat ashore, went into the woods, with his rifle, to shoot game.

After cooking and eating his supper, he turned his boat over on the ground, and crept under it, rolling himself up in a blanket to sleep for the night, safe from the falling dews and prowling animals.

Sometimes for weeks together he never spoke to a human being. In this manner he went on sketching for more than 400 days before the necessary drawings were finished, and then he set to work in good earnest to paint the picture.

He had only made sketches in his wanderings. After these were completed there were colors and canvas to be bought, and a large wooden building to be erected, for he determined to paint them on one piece of canvas, and thus make a panorama.

When it was finished it covered three miles of canvas, and represented a range of scenery 3,000 miles in extent; and that all this magnificent work was executed by a poor, fatherless, moneyless lad ought to make us ashamed of giving up any undertaking worth pursuing, merely because it would cost us some trouble.

## TALK OVER WHAT YOU READ.

Nearly forty years' experience as a teacher has shown me how little I truly know of a subject until I began to explain it or teach it. Let any young person try the experiment of giving in conversation, briefly and connectedly, and in the simplest language, the chief points of any book or article he has read, and he will at once see what I mean. The gaps that are likely to appear in the knowledge that he felt was his own will no doubt be very surprising. I know of no training superior to this in utilizing one's reading, in strengthening the memory, and in forming habits of clear, connected statement. It will doubtless teach other things than those I have mentioned, which the persons who honestly make the experiment will find out for themselves. Children who read can be encouraged to give, in a family way, the interesting parts of the books they have read, with great advantage to all concerned. More than one youth I know has laid the foundation of intellectual tastes in a New England family, where hearty encouragement was given to children and adults in their attempts to sketch the lectures they have heard the evening previous. The same thing was done with books.—*Christian Union.*

## TURTLE TRACERS.

### AFTER LITTLE.

I am dying, Egypt, dying—  
Once my hair was raven-black—  
Dark as the shadows falling  
On the sunset's fading track  
Dark as the dusty glamour  
Of the palm-groves' twilight shade;  
Dark as the fragrant tresses  
Of an Abyssinian maid.  
I am dying, Egypt, dying—  
Elbow the golden fluid fast;  
I've only got one bottle left—  
Ah, how long will that one last?  
My soul is full of doubting,  
And I smile a sickly smile;  
But my hair is like the glory  
Of the noon sun on the Nile.

## RUSSIAN MONEY.

It is said that a blind man might tell the different denominations of Russian notes by using his nose to determine their value; the rule being, the lower the value the "louder" the smell. A hundred-rouble note will be redolent of patchouli, jockey-club, or some equally fashionable perfume; while the single-rouble note usually reeks of tallow or coarse tobacco.

Woman with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

## CHANGE OF SCENE.

We all need change, no matter how "contented" our dispositions may be. A perpetual round of duties has a depressing effect both on the body and mind. It wears us day by day to see the same faces, view the same things, hear the same voices, smell the same odors, listen to the same platitudes. After long experience at home we know exactly how the tea will taste, how the sirloin of beef is likely to be served up, and what probability there is of the mutton being tough, or the steak underdone. We know, too, exactly what wife will say when we come home, and the exact tone in which she will say it. When people live together day after day, month after month, and year after year, they find it difficult to find subjects for profitable conversation. They are talked out. It is probably owing to the barrenness of subjects that the wife enlarges on domestic themes, and wears the husband with a recital of her small perplexities. This monotony can best be combated by change of air; for with this comes variation of scene; with that arrives change of thought, and with that, again, start up new trains of ideas and expansion of mind. To go for change of air is, or ought to be, an expedition in quest of information, and a search for something new. From it one returns with a fresh fund of anecdotes, a new collection of stories, a fuller repertoire of experiences, and an additional store of illustrations, which, for months to come, serve to brighten the dull realities of life. It is obvious that if the main object of change of air is to get over the results of monotony, *pater familias* should not always travel with his wife and family. A brief separation will teach them to value each other more highly than ever when reunited.

## THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN ON THE GLOBE.

Nobody's reputation and honor are safe in this cynical age. For the last ten years Mount Everest, in Nepal, has been considered the highest mountain in the world, reaching the respectable height of 29,002 feet. Dhawalagiri and Kuchinjunga, in the same range, with about 28,000 feet each, shared this honor between them until Maj. Everest, of the Bengal Engineers, discovered their big brother. Before they were measured Humboldt thought some points in the South American Andes reached the highest altitude on our globe. And now comes Capt. J. A. Lawson, who has discovered in the little-known island of New Guinea a peak that beats them all, which he has appropriately called Mount Hercules, and fixed its elevation at 32,786 feet above the level of the sea.—*New York Herald.*

We record the fact, on the authority of the *Journal of the Telegraph*, that there are now in working condition 97,568 nautical miles of submarine telegraph cables. During the past year 11,083 miles were added. The *Engineering* remarks that the cables still required to complete the telegraphic system of the world are: One across the Pacific, two between the United States and Rio and Valparaiso respectively, and certain minor cables to connect Cayenne, Colombia, New Caledonia, the Philippine islands and Chinese stations with the world's telegraphic system.

A young man in Georgia has taught the public a lesson in respect to the danger of hasty generalization. When Tanner triumphantly fasted for forty days the conclusion was jumped to that the limit of life under privation has been very much understated. Acting upon this assumption, the Georgian man, Tuck Jackson by name, refused food, expecting, no doubt, he would live forty days, at least. But alas! for the force of Tanner's example. He died on the seventeenth day.

A man in Warren county, Ky., drives an ox team that is so well acquainted with his habits that, when passing a saloon, the animals will not move until he goes in to take a drink.

## Belling Bad Boys.

The Board of Commissioners of Austin, Texas, have certainly made the wisest law we ever heard of. Young boys there were on the streets until very late hours, until all kinds of mischief, and even at entertainments, where people are supposed to behave, they crowded the back seats, and yelled, stamped and screamed until people around them were nearly deaf. As parents either could not or would not keep their boys at home, a town ordinance was passed forbidding any boy to be on the street after eight o'clock. At that hour the curfew bell gives eight taps from the Eagle Engine Company No. 3, and every boy has to go to his home or be arrested. The boys were very indignant at the law, but had to obey, as there was a full police force on hand to enforce the law. It would be a wise plan if a town not a thousand miles from here would enforce the same law. The parents of Bardstow should petition the trustees to pass a similar law.—*[Record.]*

## A SENSITIVE TAIL.

A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* tells of a terrier, fat, sleek and very quiet, but the surface of whose brain had been removed: When I approached him he took no notice of me, but when the assistant caught him by the tail he instantly became the embodiment of fury. He had not sufficient perceptive power to recognize the point of assault, so that his keeper, standing behind him, was not in danger. With flashing eyes and hair all erect the dog howled and barked furiously, incessantly snapping and biting, first on this side and then on that, tearing with his fore legs and in every way manifesting rage. When his tail was dropped by the attendant and his head touched, the storm at once subsided, the fury was turned into calm, and the animal, a few seconds before so cageful, was purring like a cat and stretching out its head for caresses. A French soldier, wounded in the head during the Franco-German war, was in a similar condition to that of the dog. When his comrades were called to the dinner-table he followed, sat down with them, and, the food being placed upon his plate and a knife and fork in his hands, would commence to eat. Put a crooked stick resembling a gun into his hand and at once the man was seized with a rage. The fury of conflict was on him; with a loud yell he would recommence the skirmish in which he had been wounded, and, crying to his comrades, would make a rush at the supposed assailant. Take the stick out of his hand and give him a knife and fork, and, whether at the table or elsewhere, he would make the motions of eating; and him a spade and he would begin to dig.

## A PRUDENT YANKEE CONSTABLE.

Mr. Elijah Hitchcock was a Connecticut constable, whose character was under scrutiny. Deacon Solomon Rising was inquired of about him.

"Deacon Solomon Rising," said the questioner, "do you think Mr. Hitchcock is an honest man?"

Very promptly—"Oh, no, sir! Not by any means."

"Well, do you think he is a mean man?"

"Well, with regard to that," said the Deacon, a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he is a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keeful—a prudent man."

"What do you mean by a prudent man?"

"Well, I mean this: that one time he had an execution for \$4 against the old Widow Witter, back here, and he went up to her house and levied on a flock of ducks. He chased them ducks, one at a time, round the house pretty much all day; and every time he caught a duck he'd set right down and ring his neck and charge mileage; and his mileage mounted to more than the debt. Nothing mean about it, as I know of, but I always thought that after that Mr. Hitchcock was a very prudent man."

## "SIT" AND "SET."

Many of the agricultural journals are sorely troubled to know whether a hen sits or sets. If some editor of dignity would set a hen on the nest, and the editors would let her sit, it would be well for the world. Now a man, or woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the old hen might sit on them by the hour if they would allow. A man cannot set on the wash-bench; but he can set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on a dog's tail if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and neither be assailed by the dog nor the grammarians.—*Christian World.*

An octuplex telegraph instrument has been invented, by which eight messages can be sent over one wire in opposite directions at the same time. Now, if only a railroad dispatcher could devise a plan for sending trains in a similar manner over the same track, it would be a good thing for an Indianapolis road which could be named.—*[Indianapolis Journal.]*

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetters, Chapped Hands and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. A positive cure for Piles. 25c per box. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

## Well Rewarded.

A liberal reward will be paid to any party who will produce a case of Liver, Kidney or Stomach complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure. Bring them along: it will cost you nothing for the medicine if it fails to cure, and you will be well rewarded for your trouble besides. All Blood diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation and general debility are quickly cured. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price only 50 cents per bottle. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

## ANOTHER VICTORY!

—FOR THE—

## THE CHAMPION SULKY PLOW.

The Furst & Bradley Weighed in the Balances and Found Wanting!

The Cassedy also Plowed Under!

Read What a Practical Lincoln Co. Farmer Says about it:

MILLWOOD FARM, Mar. 18, 1884.

In a trial on my farm to-day between the Furst & Bradley, Cassedy and Champion Sulky Plows, I made the choice of the CHAMPION, for the reasons that it is easier handled, better constructed, cuts a cleaner, deeper and wider furrow and turns the soil better.

BEN. SPALDING.

GEO. D. WEAREN, Agt., Stanford.

## H. C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Spring and Summer, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley

## W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salemen { W. B. McKinney,  
John Bright, Jr.

## B. K. WEAREN,

—AND—  
UNDERTAKE,

Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware rooms opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

## WALL PAPER,

TRIMMED & READY TO PUT ON,

—AT—

## McROBERTS & STAGG'S

Druggists and Booksellers,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, STANFORD.

## Penny & McAlister

PHARMACISTS

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded also

[JEWELERS!]

—THE—

Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted







## LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS OF PENNY & McALLISTER.  
LANDRETHS garden seeds at McRoberts & Stagg.  
LANDRETHS Garden Seeds at Penny & McAllister's.

JOS. HAAS Hog Cholera Cure. Penny & McAllister sole agents.  
CLOSE your account with Penny & McAllister by cash or note.

BRAND new stock of every thing in the jewelry line at Penny & McAllister's.

HORSE, cattle, sheep and poultry powder for sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

New shades of ready mixed paints for spring trade at McRoberts & Stagg's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

For coughs, colds, &c., use Compound Syrup White Pine. Put up in 25c and 50c bottles. Trial size 10c. McRoberts & Stagg.

## PERSONAL.

—Mrs. M. D. ELMORE, who has been very ill, is improving.

—Miss SUSIE YEAGER, of Providence, is with her aunt, Mrs. I. M. Bruce.

—Mr. W. M. FAIR, of the Mt. Salem neighborhood, was supposed to be dying last night.

—Mr. A. ANDERSON, our obliging Danville correspondent, was attending Court Wednesday.

—Mr. E. R. CHENAUET is back from Kansas to see his sister, Mrs. Montgomery, who is crippled.

—Miss MINNIE CROW, who has been visiting relatives in Harlan county, returned yesterday, bringing with her Mrs. Jas. T. Crow, of that county.

—Mr. C. W. THOMPSON, of Harrodsburg, representing the Liverpool & London & Globe, is a fair and gentlemanly man to do business with and he adjusted all his losses satisfactorily. Mr. T. A. Manning, of the Phoenix, is a little disposed to be a trifle too close but he is a clever fellow for all that.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

SOMETHING new in Flower Pots at T. R. Walton's.

A big line of field and garden seed just in. Bright & Curran.

A New door lock at W. H. Higgins'. You should see it before buying.

THE finest assortment of chewing and smoking tobaccos in town can be found at S. S. Myers'.

READ George H. Bruce & Co's. fire advertisement and go to them for bargains such as were never before offered in Stanford.

W. H. HIGGINS has his stock in shape to wait on you all. His damaged goods will be offered at quite a sacrifice. Call early.

COL. T. W. MILLER has sold his store-room on Lancaster street adjoining the INTERIOR JOURNAL office to W. P. Walton for \$800.

COL. MILLER has already commenced clearing the foundations for a handsome brick building which he begun as soon as the weather opens.

MR. A. A. WARREN has bought the interest of Mr. W. W. Owley in the grocery of Metcalf & Owley and the firm will hereafter be Warren & Metcalf.

I HAVE received a full line of cloths and caseimeres and am now ready for the spring trade. Call and examine goods and styles. H. C. Ruple, the Tailor.

My customers will find me this spring at the same stand, on Lancaster street, with a full and elegant line of millinery. Thanking you for past patronage, I still solicit the same. Mrs. Kate Dudderar. 2c

A SHEEP raiser said to us the other day: "Can't you impress it on the Legislature that we don't want a resp. law for foxes, wolves and wild-cats, but a law that will make dog scalps valuable?" We are afraid we can't. The Legislature is too weak to receive an impression and too cowardly to act on one that would injure their "future prospects" in the East.

CIRCUIT COURT.—The case against the L. & N. R. R. for failing to whistle for a crossing, on trial last Monday resulted on Tuesday in a verdict of \$75 against the road. Lazarus Wilson was fined \$20 and costs in two cases for retailing. J. P. Bailey, Circuit Clerk, reported \$88.90 collected on fines, taxes on petitions, &c.; Judge E. W. Brown, for same \$46.85 and John Blain, County Clerk, \$646, tax on 257 deeds, 50 mortgages, 43 seals, 9 tavern licenses and licenses for studs, jacks and bulls. The case against the Cincinnati Southern for maintaining a nuisance at McKinney, in its failure to keep its stock pens clean, resulted in a verdict of not guilty.

WEDNESDAY was occupied principally in the trial of an unimportant civil case. John Owens pleaded guilty to carrying a concealed weapon and waiving the right of a jury, Judge Owley gave him ten days in jail and a fine of \$25. The L. & N. R. R., for maintaining a nuisance at the Junction was fined \$25. The bonds of Mullins & Co., for murder amounting to \$800 were declared forfeited as the prisoners were not delivered into court.

YESTERDAY was mostly consumed in the trial of civil cases, the contested will of Mrs. Sarah Bailey being on trial at adjournment. The grand jury has returned 19 indictments, mostly for misdemeanors. Of those indicted for graver offenses are Isaac Gastineau for rape, trial set for 9th day, and Felix Albright, manslaughter, for 10th day. Abe Mix and John Ballant, who shot at each other, were indicted for malicious shooting and wounding.

A HANDSOME line of queensware just received at Bright & Curran's.

GARDEN seed, New York seed potatoes and onion sets at T. R. Walton's.

Big spring lot of Zigler Bros' shoes for both sexes just received at S. H. Shanks'.

SHAFER will move his gallery to Winchester May 10th. Take notice all you who want good pictures.

A PATENT for a feeding mechanism, for roller mills, purifiers, &c., has been granted Mr. H. C. Potts, of Lancaster.

THE Lincoln county counterfeiters were sent to the Detroit Penitentiary. Coppage's petition for a new trial is still pending.

"OUR LOSS IS YOUR GAIN."—We will close out our stock of saddles and harness damaged by the fire at city prices and give you a discount of 20 per cent. Cash only. W. R. Carson & Son, Lancaster street.

WHY don't some of our merchants bring on some oleomargarine? Anything, even axle grease, would be an improvement on the average butter exposed in this market. The makers ought to be ashamed to offer such stuff for sale.

OWING to the forgetfulness of the person who attends to it, the mail for the Kentucky Central was not delivered at the post-office here in time for the train Tuesday, although it had been prepared, and our patrons along that road were kept out of the paper a day. It won't happen again.

IN a contest between the Furst & Bradley, Cassey and Champion Sulky Plows, on the farm of Benedict Spalding, the Champion was declared the winner and the agent, Mr. Geo. D. Wearren, is much elated. He sold two plows on the ground on the strength of it.

DEPUTY L. P. McWhorter, J. H. Asher, Jason Bolling and Oliver Brewer arrived here Wednesday from Clay county with five prisoners, ordered here for safe keeping. Three of them are convicted of house-burning and sentenced to the penitentiary as follows: Stephen Peters, two years; James Creech, three and Sam Creech four years. They have appealed their cases and are to be held to await the results. Sam Desarn, for murder, has already spent a long time here. The jury hung in his case and he is to await another trial. John Sizemore, held as a conspirator in the murder of Hiram Asher last September, is the last of the lot. They were brought down heavily chained and manacled as if they are a very bad lot.

THE Insurance adjusters have been busy this week. The Phoenix and Aina settled with A. A. Warren on policies amounting to \$1,600 for \$1,226.66; Phoenix Aina and Home of New York gave George H. Bruce & Co., \$1,578.75 to be equally divided between them; the Odd Fellows got the full amount of their 1,400 on their Hall from the Phoenix; W. H. Higgins' loss was found to be \$600 but the Aina and London & Liverpool & Globe refused to pay but half of it, so he immediately cancelled his policies with them; the Union of Pennsylvania paid Col. Miller \$1,885; D. Klass in the Manufacturers of Boston have not yet been able to settle and a suit is probable. The London & Liverpool & Globe and the Phoenix settled with the INTERIOR JOURNAL for \$175. The Aina paid Mrs. Portman in full, \$800; the L. & L. & G. the full amount of policy on A. R. Penny's furniture, \$300.

## RELIGIOUS.

—The American Tract Society distributed last year 12,346,500 copies of tracts and religious books.

—Dr. E. O. Guerrant will dedicate the new Presbyterian church at McKinney the 24 Sabbath in April.

—Rev. Mr. Evans and Bro. Joe Hopper have closed a meeting at Hopkinsville, which resulted in 50 additions to the church.

—We have at last got a large supply of "Barnes' Life." All who have bought and not received them and others who wish to get copies will please call or send for them.

—Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, who was born in Clark county, this State, in January 1802, is dead at Columbus, Miss., where he was taken ill on his way from the New Orleans Conference.

—The Baptist meeting has won so far some 30 souls to Jesus and the interest it has created is felt in the entire section. Mr. Hale is doing a noble work and deserves the good results he is achieving. Among those who have confessed since our last issue are Misses Watson, Washington, Sims, Burton, Shreve, Jones and Hill, Mrs. F. J. Curran, Miss Annie Straub, Will Hall, Will Brady and others.

—Rev. B. P. Ronkle is out in very temperate, but strong manifesto against his detractors. He frankly admits the charges based on his former life, but claims with some show of justice that it is not consonant with the theory of Christianity to hold a reformed and penitent man, which he professes to be, amenable for excesses committed during his unregenerate days. His letter is able and plausible.

RAILROAD PASSES.—We have not here before joined in the hue-and-cry which many of the newspapers of the State have kept up against members of the Legislature accepting free passes from the railroads. We thought that possibly too much importance was attached to the matter. But watching the effect of the pass system upon the workings of the Legislature, and reflecting upon the important legislation now before that body concerning the railroads, we have reached the conviction that the acceptance of these free passes is a vicious, un-Christian, and in some degree insensibly if not positively corrupting—[Paducah Journal.]

## LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Wheat was down to 94¢ for May in Chicago Wednesday.

—Mrs. M. A. Goode sold to Ed Carter, 15 head of feeders at \$45.

—Burgess & Gentry sold at Lexington 18 large mules at \$200 each.

—There are 2,000,000 head of cattle in the State of Kansas, valued at \$50,000,000.

—B. F. Hayden sold to J. M. Coffey, 11 calves at \$22, and bought of Wm. Ball, a springer for \$40.

—In the case of Lewis Cunningham against the K. C. Railroad for killing a jack, the jury awarded damages for \$1,200, the full amount claimed.—[Bourbon News.]

—Mercedes, the celebrated Holstein cow, valued at \$10,000, and with the greatest milk and butter record in the world, died Tuesday. She was the property of T. B. Wales, of Iowa City.

—At a sale in Clark, work cattle sold at \$130; common ewes at \$540 per head; 60 to 100 lb shoats \$3 to \$5 and corn in crib \$3 per barrel. Hogs for Apl, 15, delivered at \$6 per cwt.

—Jos. P. Rogers bought of T. F. Sherrett 2,000 bushels of Russet potatoes at 15 cents per bushel at the patch, and of Cris Allen 500 bushels at 20 cents on the cars.—[Georgetown Times.]

—GEORGETOWN COURT.—About 150 cattle on the market, the best selling at 5¢ cents. About 100 mules offered; work stock selling from \$290 to \$325 per pair. Good demand for plug horses, and selling at from \$40 to \$80 per head.

—At the sale of the effects of the late Jacob Sidener, in Fayette county, sheep brought from \$4.50 to \$5.75 per head; hogs 5 cents per pound; yearling cattle \$40 per head; feeding cattle nearly six cents per pound. Twenty head of mules, two years old this spring, in bad condition sold at \$85 per head.

—In Cincinnati all kinds of cattle but stockers and feeders are rather dull. The quotations are: Common to medium 2 60 to 4 1/2; good to extra butcher 5 to 5 90; common to choice shippers 5 1/2 to 6 35; stockers and feeders 4 1/2 to 5 1/2. Good butcher hogs are in demand, other classes dull. Prices range from 5 1/2 to 6 for common, to \$6.90 to \$7.35 for best butchers and shippers. Sheep are strong at 3 1/2 to 6 Yearling lambs firm at 5 to 5 1/2.

## HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The sitting of the Circuit Court has exerted the usual deplorable influence on our streets. A portion of our people are litigants, some are on the juries, some are witnesses and the rest are "gone flying!"

—Sim C. West having assumed the business conducted by his father, gives notice that he is receiving a full line of undertaker's goods. Being provided with a hearse he will answer funeral calls at any hour.

—L. B. Adams is busy trying to rid himself of the suspicion of having administered that novel, but impressive form of oath noticed in the last issue of this paper. The thing is all right. A stereotyped collection of words is not necessary to the binding effect of an oath, and it does seem that the magistrate—whatever he may have been—got the adjuration into the strongest language possible.

—Mrs. J. C. Wright received a few days since a box from London, England, which contained among other articles a nice fur muff. This she presented to little Miss Helen Allen, daughter of J. W. Hoocker. It is a beautiful gift, highly appreciated on account of its value, but mainly for the sake of the giver. Mrs. Wright is an English lady, aged and infirm, but surrounded by mementoes of her trans-Atlantic home. She maintains a correspondence with the old country and has all her wearing apparel and other fancies sent regularly from London.

—The scribe begs leave to express his thanks to the young gentlemen of the INTERIOR JOURNAL office for a most delectable repast, conveyed to him on Wednesday evening over the wires of the telephone. The atmosphere was in fine condition and the notes dropped in liquid softness—but clear and distinct—on the ear of the listener ten miles distant. Mr. Green and Mr. Williams, with their characteristic politeness, arranged matters for the convenience of the ladies present. Mr. W. rigged several airphones and thus enabled several to receive the musical message at the same time. All the auditors were delighted and all are grateful to the JOURNAL boys for the tasteful treat.

—Richard Goode, of Columbia is here on a visit to his mother's family. Frank Lee took his departure for Wyoming yesterday. Wm. Fair is still an invalid. Mrs. Goode, widow of L. D. Goode, is reported quite sick. Miss Lettie Rochester is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. McAllister. Mr. Tuttle who bought the G. T. Jones farm moved in last week. Miss Hettie Goode is home from Harrodsburg where she has several relatives. Since the marriage of Dick, Dr. Brown seems to have become painfully aware of his loneliness and it is a favorable symptom that he has come out in one of the finest buggies ever exhibited in this place. It has capacity for two occupants.

—A couple of our citizens, who had been summoned to serve on the grand jury, concluded to beat the courts and accordingly repaired to Stanford and took out a joint license to stand a bull, which cost them \$1.50 each. Thus armed they appeared at court, confident that they were exempt from serving. To their astonishment they learned that this exemption was not retroactive and could not be pleaded in the present term. Their chop-fallen appearance on Monday evening elicited the salutation: "Hello boys, did you win your game?" One replied: "It was a dry game for me," and the other said, "Why not by a large majority. I was badly Taylored."

—On Monday, after the fight of Sunday in Hustonville, the town guardians held a sort of *pro re nata* meeting, appointed J. P. Goode town marshal, had Cesar Minor arrested and proceeded to try him. It is not clear from the pleadings whether the offense consisted in the violence done to Jerry, or in his failure to finish the job by extinguishing his adversary. At any rate the classic Cesar was fined some \$8. There is some talk of invoking executive clemency on the ground of unconstitutional in the whole proceeding. Minor claims that the whole thing was *ex post facto* inasmuch as there was no living municipal law at the time of the offense, and that the officials who manipulated the case were created simply with a view to utilize an opportunity.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## TO INSURERS.

This is to certify that Mr. J. P. Singleton, adjuster for the Union Ins. Co., of Philadelphia reached here on the 19th March, 1884 and adjusted with me to the satisfaction of the loss on my store-rooms in Stanford, Ky. which were destroyed by fire on the night of the 15th inst. I cheerfully recommend said Company to all who have property to insure. Jas. M. Phillips is agent at Stanford d. 23rd.

## T. W. MILLER.

## WHAT THE ODD FELLOWS SAY.

We the undersigned Committee, appointed by the Stanford Lodge No. 156, I. O. O. F., do hereby certify that the insurance on our Hall, insured in the Phoenix of Hartford through their agent, M. G. Nevins and burned in the recent fire has been settled to an amount exceeding the sum the policy calls for by \$50, and wish to tender our thanks to this corporation for THEIR JUST AND PROMPT ACTION.

## J. B. HIGGINS, J. A. ALLEN, E. W. BROWN.

I do hereby certify that the loss sustained by me from the recent fire has been satisfactorily adjusted in every particular by the Phoenix of Hartford, through their agent M. G. Nevins, A. A. WARREN.

## Lincoln Circuit Court.

MARCH TERM, 1884. THURSDAY, MAR. 20. In the matter of Geo. D. Wearren and Jennie Wearren, his wife, ex parte.

This petition was filed in open Court whereupon it was ordered by the Court that notice be published for at least ten days in the STANFORD-GEORGETOWN JOURNAL, that George D. Wearren and Jennie Wearren his wife have filed their petition in the clerk's office of this Court praying the Court to empower her to convey, sell and convey for her own benefit, any property she may own or acquire, free from the claim or debt of her husband, to make contracts, sue and be sued as a single woman, to trade in her own name, and to dispose of her property by will or deed.

A copy. Attest: JAS. P. BAILEY, CLK.

## Abdallah Messenger!

Red-bay stallion; foaled 1878, bred by Charlie Dunn, Stanford, Ky.; sired by Messenger Chief sire of Maud Messenger, record 2:30; Marvel, 5-year-old, record 2:28; Gus, 5-year-old, record 2:30; 5th best on heavy track; Abel Abdallah, 4-year-old, trial 2:25; Maggie Stewart, 2-year-old at 3-year-old and other promising ones.

First dam Susie by Sentinel, record 2:20; and the sire of Von Armin, 2:15; sold to Commodore Kitchin for \$10,000 on 1st Nov. 2:25; T. A. 2:26; Young Senibel, 2:26; Mignon, 2:27; Vivandiere, 2:26; Capoul, 2:28; Grand Sentinel 2:29; Sentinel's full brother Volunteer, the sire of St. Julien, 2:15; Glover, 2:17; Allet, 2:19; Bodine, 2:19; Driver 2:19; Hunter, 2:20; Amy, 2:20; and a score more in the 2:30 class.

Second dam, Kitty River, the dam of Bertie Girl, 2-year-old record 3:00; 4-year-old record 2:37, and the granddam of Maud Messenger, 2:20, by Abdallah, the sire of Goodwin in Md., 2:14; Redford, 2:15; Thorndike, 2:22; Almost, Abdallah Pilot, &c. &c.

Third dam by Red Jacket, sire of the dam of Kentucky Wilkes, 2:21 and the granddam of So So, 2:17; and Red Wilkes, sire of Phil Thompson, 3-year-old record, 2:21; by Comet; by Sherman Morgan, the sire of Vermont Black Hawk, the sire of E. H. Allen and many other trotters. Red Jacket's dam was sired by a half brother to Black Hawk Sentinel and Abdallah's Abdallah are both by Kevley's Hamiltonian, the granddam of Maud S., 2:10; Jay-eye-see, 2:10; St. Julien, 2:13; &c., and the sire of Dexter, 2:17; Nettie, 2:18; Orange Girl, 2:20; George Wilkes, 2:22 and thirty others, with records of 2:20 and better. Messenger Chief was sired by Abdallah Pilot, sire of Pickard, 2:15; Red Jim, 3-year-old record, 2:28; 1st dam is sister-in-law to Gen. George H. Thomas, sire of Scott's Thomas, 2:21, by Messenger Messenger sire of Lewinski, 2:24. Second dam by Mambrino Chief sire of Tuley Thorne, 2:15; Woodford, Mambrino, 2:25; Mambrino Patchen and others.

Third dam by imp. Napoleon and English Hunter, &c. Breeders will observe that Abdallah Messenger is nearly all brother to Maud Messenger, 2:20, that sold for \$1,000 and resold for \$5,000 last fall; they have same sire and grandam; his dam is better bred than Maud's dam. He is a sure foot getter and a horse of fine style and carriage. He will make the season of 1884 at Charles Dunn's 2 1/2 miles from Stanford, on Rush Branch pike, at \$25 TO INSURE A LIVING COLE.

Also will stand a

## GOOD MULE JACK

\$7 TO INSURE. J. M. Hall says he bought some mules in the neighborhood where he made a season and they were good ones and he has the reputation of being a good breeder.

Address H. G. DUNN, Stanford, Ky.

## MESSENGER PRINCE,

By Messenger Chief; dam by Alcibi, (sire by Hy-las, 2:24); Enigma, 2:26; Fancy Day, 2:30, &c.) will make the season of 1884 at Mr. Lee Yeager's, "Providence Neighborhood," Danville, Ky., at \$15 To Insure. H. G. D. 23rd.

## A PRIZE

Sent 6 cents for postage and receive will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TACE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

## HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE ONLY TRUE

It will purify and enrich the blood, regulate the liver and kidneys, and restore the vitality and vigor of youth. In all those diseases resulting from a weak and impure blood, such as Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength, etc., its use is immediately and wonderfully successful. It builds up the system and restores the vitality.

LADIES suffering from all complaints connected with their sex will find in Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic a safe and speedy cure. It gives a clear and healthy complexion, and restores the vitality of the system. It is the only medicine that can be taken at all times, and in all places, and it is the only medicine that can be taken by the most delicate and the most robust.

Send your address to Dr. Harter, 23rd St., New York, N. Y., and you will receive a free trial bottle of the DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC. (Send your address to Dr. Harter, 23rd St., New York, N. Y., and you will receive a free trial bottle of the DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.)

Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic is sold by all Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

## THE FIRE!

—Has left us with—

\$8,000

## WORTH OF GOODS,

Worth of goods, and no place to continue business; and as our stock is principally

## NEW SPRING GOODS

We can not afford to hold them for re building, but have determined to

## SACRIFICE

—Them rather than hold a single item longer than—

## 60 DAYS!

We have become reconciled to the loss that is bound to result in the closing of this stock, but knowing that there is nothing saved by holding, we will commence

## SLAUGHTERING PRICES

To day to carry out our object. To friends who have made our business a success so far, and encouraged us with new hope for the present year, we especially ask not to consider our present location as any inconvenience, but come thick and fast; say a good word for us and your friends. "We need you every hour." The goods we offer you are

## NOT DAMAGED.

From the burning building they were taken to a clean store room and well cared for. Remember our stock consists of

## Clothing, Boots,

SHOES, HATS,

## Gents' Furnishing Goods, Dry Goods, Trunks, Valises, &amp;c.

The attention of the ladies is called (especially to our new stock of

## PHILADELPHIA FINE SHOES,

—And that of the gentlemen to—

## Buell's Celebrated Boots and Shoes.

The above are acknowledged the leading goods of the market and due notice should be taken.

Hoping you will appreciate our determination to pull through, we are gratefully yours,

## GEO. H. BRUCE &amp; CO.

Next door to the Methodist Church, Stanford.

Any parties who bought goods from us on credit a week previous to the fire will please report same. Our day book containing these items was destroyed, and we remember part of our sales but not all. GEO. H. BRUCE & CO.

MARCH 19, '84.



## Provide a Whipping-Post

The object of law is the protection of society. The punishment of criminals is for the purpose of restraining crime. The most effective way to restrain the best for society. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is a proverb as true as it is ancient. There has grown up of late years a sentimentalism that proposes to restrain crime by sparing the rod and making criminals believe that they deserve mercy and indulgence rather than strict justice; that they are the prodigals for whom the fatted calf is to be killed; and that Moses, when he prescribed death for a murderer, was a cruel and heartless ruler. But with all our sentimental experiments and flowery demonstrations in behalf of the criminal classes experience has demonstrated that the Mosaic code has not been improved upon. Kindness abused only breeds contempt for law and the consequences of this are a burden that society has to bear. The question then is whether the many are to suffer in order that the few who are rolling in crime and practice evil for the love of it, may be spared. This is a practical question now in Cincinnati. With the jail full of untried and unguilty murderers; with the city overrun with thieves; with the courts, by reason of sentimental laws, conducted in the interest of and virtually for the protection of crime; with politicians courting the support of the criminal classes; with medical colleges offering \$15 a head for dead bodies, regardless of how they may be obtained; with men and women and children afraid to go out of doors at night and not safe in daylight; with men shooting at each other on a day that should be quiet and in the centre of the city; with criminals of all grades who have not the fear of the law before their eyes and who have little to fear in that line; with a police force that say it is useless to bring criminals who are able to hire lawyers, before the police court; with gambling-houses open day and night, as if engaged in a lawful business; with the great mass of the people, except criminals, feeling insecure in life and property—with all these evidences of lawlessness the question to which we refer is certainly a practical one and the ferment that is observable in the public mind is not surprising; nor is it strange, however unwise it may be, that conservative, law-abiding citizens should seem favorable to extreme measures.

There are probably not more than two thousand dangerous criminals in Cincinnati to day. Yet these are sufficient, because of the feebleness of the law and the wretchedness of its execution, to disturb the peace and comfort of three hundred thousand people and to impress upon our city an unenviable reputation.

In conversation lately with a gentleman who had served several years as a Director of the work-house, he stated that if fifteen hundred of those who are sent to that institution could be transported as criminals are transported in England, the material which supplied the work-house would largely disappear. Substantially the same people keep up the supply. They are not punished; they are not worked to hurt; they are well fed and are sent out when their terms expire, clean and hearty, to engage in crime again, and regularly they return. No hardened criminal is afraid of the work-house, nor is it a house of reformation. It is a lodging place for thieves, where clean clothes, comfortable beds and good food are furnished free of cost. This is called an evidence of civilization. So it is in a certain sense, but what is to be said of that phase of it which punishes criminals and spares the rod at the expense of society? That is practically barbarous, because in the interest of a few criminals it robs the law of its terrors and places society comparatively at the mercy of the worst classes. Society has rights and its demands for protection are just, while criminals have no rights, except to be punished, the object of such punishment being to restrain crime.

In this direction criminal laws should be revised, modified and simplified, in order that persons accused of crime may be quickly tried and promptly convicted or acquitted.

Then we should, in addition to jails and work-houses and penitentiaries and so-called hard labor and luxuries, have the whipping-post. There is no punishment that a criminal dreads more than a flogging, legally administered. It would do more to restrain crime than all the methods, not excepting the gallows, that modern theorists have devised. It would not make the gallows unnecessary, but it would save many men from the gallows. It would advance the interests of society, too, and that is the object of all law and all methods of punishment. The whipping-post is one of the institutions of civilized England and it is a terror to crime greater than confinement, hard labor or transportation. We need in this country a revival of the whipping-post, as it is needed in Cincinnati and our people, instead of thinking about lawless measures for enforcing justice and punishing crime, should rise up and demand of the legislature laws that can be enforced and machinery that can be speedily operated, not forgetting the whipping-post. Erect the latter and provide lashes that will hurt and criminals will run for cover. Such a movement would have a wonderfully restraining influence.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette]

Israel Phillips, of Garfield, Mass., who is now eighty-eight years old, is regarded as the oldest commercial traveler in active service. He has been on the road since the practice of sending out agents began. We should think he'd be a little old to be making love to table girls.

## Simple Home Remedies.

The following remedies for many simple ailments we find recommended in *Hall's Journal of Health*. And while the remedies may not be new to many of our readers they will be found useful to all. We now publish them that they may be at hand for ready reference.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drank will instantly relieve "heart burn" or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired and if a little is swallowed each time, it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in a half pint of water it acts as an emetic and is useful in cases of poisoning as always on hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extracting of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations. Mustard is another valuable remedy. No family should be without it. Two or three teaspoonful of ground mustard stirred into half a pint of water acts as an emetic very promptly, and is milder and easier to take than salt and water. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour and meal made into a paste with warm water and spread on a thin piece of muslin with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the indispensable "mustard plaster." It is almost a specific for colic when applied for a few minutes over the "pit of the stomach." For all internal pains there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter-irritant by drawing the blood to the surface; hence in severe cases of croup a small mustard plaster should be applied to the back of the child's neck. The same treatment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon, for if left in one place it is liable to blister. A mustard plaster acts as well when at considerable distance from the affected part. An excellent substitute for mustard plasters is what is known as "mustard leaves." They come a dozen in a box and are about four by five inches. They are perfectly dry and will keep for a long time. For use it is only necessary to dip one in a dish of water for a minute and then apply it. Common baking soda is the best of all remedies in cases of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place either wet or dry. When applied promptly the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poisonous try and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects. Owing to colds, over fatigue, anxiety, and various other causes, the urine is often scanty, highly colored, and more or less loaded with phosphates which settle at the bottom of the vessel on cooling. As much soda as can be dipped up with a ten cent piece, dissolved in half a glass of cold water and drank every three hours will soon remedy the trouble.

## A HINT TO GIRLS.

A wood-engraver, being asked why he did not employ women, replied: "I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that when a young man comes to me and begins his work, he feels that it is his life's business. He is to cut his fortune out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness, are all to be carved out by his own hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labor, determined to master it, and with every incitement spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably marry by-and-by, and then she must give up wood engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that all her happiness depends on it. She will marry and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so, but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."

The German village of Grambeke, near Bremen, boasts an extraordinary case of persistent somnolency in the person of the daughter of the village Mayor. The girl is said to have been fast asleep since the second week in January, with the exception of a few hours of semi-wakefulness at intervals of from six to eight weeks. She lies plunged in profound slumber and entirely unconscious of all that goes on around her, night and day, reclining on her left side, warmly covered up, and with a light gauze spread over her head. Nourishment, chiefly in a liquid form, is daily administered to her, which she swallows without awakening for a second. She is a pretty, slender girl, of a pallid complexion; but she does not lose in weight during her trances of from forty to sixty days, and when awake exhibits a cheerful disposition and an eager desire to perform such small household tasks as her strength enables her to fulfill. Her father has consulted several eminent medical men in the hope of discovering some remedy for his daughter's abnormal condition, but all efforts hitherto made to keep the unlucky girl awake have resulted in total failure.

## Women are Honest.

Although hundreds of women hold positions of financial trust in the country, we have yet to hear of one of them being guilty of embezzlement or defalcation says the Albany Journal. The evidence clearly sustains the position of those who believe that women are qualified—morally, physically and intellectually—for the handling of money in stores or in banks. General Spinner, who first introduced women into the United States Treasury, left on record a striking testimonial to the efficiency and integrity of the sex, and no one ever had a better opportunity to study the question than he, who at one time had 1,000 women under his direction, engaged chiefly in handling money. He testifies that they count more accurately and rapidly than men; that their ability to detect counterfeit proved to be superior in almost every test; that they were, without an exception, honest, and were invariably more careful and painstaking in their work. Complaints of inaccuracy and carelessness on the part of men were made frequently during General Spinner's administration of the United States Treasury, but such complaints against lady clerks were few. The shrewdest and quickest detectors of counterfeit currency were women, and in case of dispute as to the genuineness of money General Spinner invariably took the judgment of a Miss Grandin, who was for a long time employed in his bureau. In speaking of her ability in this particular one day, General Spinner said: "If I were a believer in clairvoyance I should say that she possessed that power; but I am not, so I call it instinct." Although there are several thousand women employed by the Government as clerks, accountants, postmistresses and in other capacities, not one has ever proved unfaithful to her trust. Many have been discharged for incapacity and for other reasons, but never one for dishonesty. These points are worth the consideration of merchants and bankers, particularly now when there seems to be an epidemic of embezzlement.

## PICTURES.

BY CAPITOLA BLACK.

Do not let this subject bring before your mind's eye long lines of grand paintings, composed of beautiful heads, by Raphael, or exquisite landscapes drawn by the master hand of Salvator Rosa, for it is not of these that I intend to write. That I shall leave for wiser heads than mine; but it is of the little printed lithographs and common steel engravings that I should like to speak. Creatures not too bright and good for human nature's daily food. I do not know whether it is so with all or not, but the charm of a book to me is in its pictures. And the characters are far more natural when I look at them through the faces which are represented as theirs. Charles Dickens' books possess a keener relish for this reason. I remember that the reading of the sad death of Steerforth never brought the tears to my eyes as did that little engraving where Copperfield sees him for the last time alive, as he lies with his fair, noble head on his arm, and the little wavy curls thrown back from his forehead, while David stands pensive and sad, with a whole tale of sorrow in his face. I think it is beautiful, very, very beautiful.

Every one must certainly acknowledge that the books of Edward Eggleston owe half their popularity to their inimitable cuts. Where did we ever see such a face as Jonas' in "The End of the World?" such a mixture of the tending down of irrepressible humor and the donning of becoming soberness? Cynthia Ann's face is as invaluable as stone. One can easily see at a glance that she was as impervious as a rock to all temptation, though she did say "Tempations abound on every hand." Bacon writes: "Pictures and shapes are but secondary objects." But I think they are the main index to character, mind and heart.

I cannot say that I admire the caricatures of Thomas Nast, although very good for their kind, but too grotesque and ridiculous to be at all natural or admirable. I know there are those who will not agree with me on this point; but "Were we all of one opinion where would be the spice of life?" And every man feels away down in his heart as Huber did when he wrote:

Beneath my rattling bell I wear  
A shaft of arrows keen and clear;  
Of wolf shafts that wildly fly,  
Nor ken the base their import high.

WHITE HALL, Pa.

The tradition that Cologne Cathedral would never be finished took its rise as follows: A young architect in despair at the refusal of his plans by Archbishop Conrad went to the bank of the Rhine meditating suicide, when there appeared the devil himself, who offered him, in exchange for his soul, the plan of the cathedral as it stands to-day. The young man demanded twenty-four hours for reflection, and submitted the matter to his confessor, who suggested that on the morrow, when Satan showed him again the design, he should seize it with his left hand, and, drawing spically a relic of St. Ursula from under his robe with the right, strike the evil spirit with it on the brow. This was done. Satan said: "That's a cunning trick of the church, but the design which you seize shall never be finished, and your name shall remain unknown." He spoke he snatched away the upper part of the design. The young architect died of mortification without reconceiving the plan. For years events have resulted in total failure.

## A CHILD'S CALL.

A lady living not far from the corner of Lafayette and Second streets received an afternoon call from a little 6 year old, which illustrated the progress children in Detroit are making. The little one rang the bell, and, being ushered in, said:

"How do you do, Mrs. — I forgot your name—my name is Hallie —. I saw you over to mamma's house the other day, and as mamma was busy I thought I would return your call. Ma doesn't know it, but I don't care."

The little one was heartily welcomed, and, after she gazed around for a while, she asked:

"What time do you dine?"

"Five o'clock," replied the lady.

"We always have dinner at 2 o'clock, but I guess I can wait. Can I stay?"

"Oh, certainly—glad to have you," said the lady.

Then the little one removed her pretty wrappings, her dainty hat and gloves.

Hearing the lady of the house call her servant Katie, she took advantage of her mistress' absence for a moment to run down stairs into the dining-room.

"Katie, come here!" she cried.

"What are you going to have for dinner?"

"Soup, beefsteak, sweet potatoes and pie," meekly replied Katie.

"What kind of pie?"

"Cranberry."

"Well, put plenty of sugar in the pie and lots of gravy on the steak, sure."

Then the little caller skipped up-stairs, and soon became jolly friends with the lady of the house. She was very serious in her conversation, and asked why young ladies had to wait so long to be married. Then she told the lady in all confidence that she had already received a proposal, but had not yet concluded to say yes. The lady was considerably struck with the prodigy, and drew her out upon all sorts of subjects. Finally the child went to the piano and offered to sing an original song.

"I always make up my songs," she said, and then she began in a mournful minor key as follows:

When I am dead and in my coffin,  
My mamma, she won't care for nothing,  
Our folks will cry,  
Mamma will sigh;  
The house will come,  
And the land, with a drum,  
And take me to the sweet by-and-by.

Continuing this sort of rhyme, she described her funeral, the mourners, the procession to the "burryin' ground," where

A deep dark grave  
Should be my grave.

Striking all the time discordant thirds and fifths, the little one entered into the spirit of the song so much that the tears rolled down her face at the recital and the lady buried her face in her handkerchief—to cover her smiles. Just as the hostess had promised to have her husband "put plenty of gravy" on the little girl's steak, a lady, flushed and excited, rang the bell. It was the little caller's mother, and she had been scouring the neighborhood for some hours with horrible thoughts of kidnapping rushing through her brain.

The steak with "plenty of gravy" is waiting the little one yet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## OILING SCARLET-FEVER PATIENTS.

A distinguished London physician, writing to the London Times about scarlet fever, says: "The method of oiling patients during the period of desquamation after scarlet fever has been largely used for many years; it is far more constantly employed on the continent than in England. It possesses certain definite advantages, and when ever scarlatina patients are of necessity treated in private houses it should be adopted, except when contraindicated by the condition of the patient, because it diminishes the risk of infection to others. It does so, however, by preventing the ready distribution of the particles of skin through the atmosphere; but neither oil nor glycerine is a germicide or disinfectant, and the scales of epidermis are just as infectious after as before their application."

MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, the well-known capitalist and steamboat owner of New York, lately deceased, was very wealthy, and made good use of his money. When Gen. Scott wanted transportation for troops to relieve Maj. Anderson at Fort Sumter, Mr. Roberts promptly supplied the steamer Star of the West. He was for many years the President of the Atlantic Steamship Company and of the North River Bank. Soon after the death of President Lincoln he forwarded to Mrs. Lincoln \$10,000 as his portion of the \$100,000 about being raised for the benefit of herself and family. The Young Woman's Christian Home in New York, which was founded by Mr. Roberts' second wife and the late Macia Hall, received the entire building endowment of about \$70,000 from Mr. Roberts. At his residence, in Fifth avenue, he had collected a gallery of rare paintings and statuary, which cost him \$750,000. Besides other property, Mr. Roberts leaves stocks and bonds valued at \$10,000,000.

## Wide Awake Druggists.

Messrs. Penny & McAllister are always alive to their business, and spare no pains to secure the best of every article in their line. They have secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The only certain cure for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Trial Bottles free. Regular size, \$1.

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**LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Flick headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

**CURE SICK HEADACHE**  
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing the annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

**ACHE**  
It is the case of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action give relief to the system. In vials at 25 cents; 50¢ for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 18, 1883  
Time herein is 20 minutes slower than time heretofore given.

	SOUTH.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 18.
Lvs. Covington	7:45 a.m.	2:41 p.m.		
" Lexington	9:13 a.m.	4:13 p.m.		
" Cincinnati	10:20 a.m.	5:18 p.m.		
Arr. Paris	10:55 a.m.	6:00 p.m.		
Lvs. Paris	11:00 a.m.	6:00 p.m.		
Arr. Lexington	11:45 p.m.	6:50 p.m.		
Lvs. Paris		6:00 p.m.		
" Millersburg		6:20 p.m.		
" Carlisle		6:40 p.m.		
Arr. Mayville		8:10 p.m.		
Lvs. Paris	11:05 a.m.	6:00 p.m.		
" Lexington	12:31 p.m.	7:40 p.m.		
" Richmond	2:05 p.m.	8:50 p.m.	12:25 p.m.	
" Lancaster	4:20 p.m.	Arr. Lexington 4:00 p.m.		
Stanford June	5:00 p.m.	Arr. Mayville 4:00 p.m.		
Lvs. Paris		6:00 p.m.		
" Lexington		7:00 a.m.	2:00 p.m.	
" Paris		7:55 a.m.	2:50 p.m.	
" Lexington		7:55 a.m.	2:50 p.m.	
" Cincinnati		8:30 a.m.	3:25 p.m.	
" Falmouth		9:35 a.m.	4:35 p.m.	
Arr. Covington		11:18 a.m.	6:10 p.m.	

No. 25 Lvs. Lexington 5:40 a.m. Arr. Mayville 8:40 a.m.  
No. 27 Lvs. Lexington 5:05 p.m. Arr. Mayville 8:10 p.m.  
No. 26 Lvs. Mayville 5:40 a.m. Arr. Lexington 8:50 a.m.  
No. 28 Lvs. Mayville 12:30 p.m. Arr. Lexington 4:40 p.m.  
No. 4 Lvs. Cov. 5:00 p.m. Arr. Falmouth 7:00 p.m.  
No. 6 Lvs. Falmouth 5:55 a.m. Arr. Cov. 7:50 a.m.  
No. 3 and 4 daily between Richmond, Lexington and Covington; all others daily except Sunday.

## Special Rates to Emigrants.

For tickets, rates and information pertaining to time, connections, &c., call on or address

W. B. McROBERTS, AGENT, Stanford, Ky.

G. W. BENDER, C. L. BROWN,  
Superintendent, Gen'l Pass. & Frt. Agt.

GEO. H. McKINNEY, Trsv. Pass. & Frt. Agt., Stanford, Ky.

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Puts on a permanent active work on linen. Received C. W. PEABODY & Co. Medal & Diploma. Established 80 years.

Druggists, Stationers & News Agents.

**PAYSON'S**  
**INDELIBLE INK**

**CHAMPO!**

The fine imported Norman Stallion, will make the season of 1884 at the stable of L. M. Wray, at "Pink Cottage," 1½ miles from Stanford.

**AT \$15 THE SEASON.**  
OR \$25 TO INSURE A COLT.

Champo is dark gray, 17 hands high, weighs 1,600 pounds and is 4 years old the 29th of May last. He is of fine style and action, good in the joints, well ribbed and large body, with well-shaped shoulders; head and neck well set on. He was imported by G. W. Stubbins & Co., of Birmingham, Ill., September 14, 1882.

We will also stand at the same place our fine Young Jack

**BOSTON!**

At \$10 for a LIVING COLT. Boston is a beautiful black, 14½ hands high; was foaled Nov. 10, 1879 and is a "Warrior," by Jim Porter best dam "Shoo Fly," a Mammoth and War Horse Jack.

23-25 **BURN & WAREFIELD.**

## "MONON ROUTE."

**Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway.**

—THE ONLY LINE RUNNING—  
**Pullman Palace Cars!**

—AND SOLID TRAINS—  
**LOUISVILLE TO CHICAGO**

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Passengers from the Knoxville Branch of L. & N. R. R. arrive in Louisville in time to take the evening train of the "Monon Route" and go through to

Greencastle, Crawfordsville, Lafayette and Chicago without change.

—TIME TABLE—

STATIONS. Daily. Daily.

Lvs. Louisville 7:45 p.m. | 8:00 a.m. |

Arr. Greencastle 1:01 a.m. | 2:01 p.m. |

Arr. Crawfordsville 2:03 a.m. | 3:04 p.m. |

Arr. Lafayette 2:43 a.m. | 3:42 p.m. |

Arr. Chicago 7:30 a.m. | 8:30 p.m. |

The most direct route, with only one change of cars, to all points in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, &c. For further information, address MURRAY KELLER, G. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

125.

**CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RY.**

**Kentucky's Route East**

—FOR—  
**Washington, Philadelphia, N. Y.**

—The only line running—  
**PULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS**

—AND—  
**A SOLID TRAIN**

—FROM—  
**Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington, Ky.,**

—TO—  
**WASHINGTON CITY,**

Connecting in same depot with fast trains for  
**New York.**

The Direct Route to Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk,  
—AND—  
**All Virginia and North Carolina Points.**

For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office, or address  
W. J. BRAD, Advertising Agt.,  
340 W. Main St., Louisville, Ky.  
C. W. SMITH, Gen'l Manager,  
Richmond, Virginia.  
W. E. ARNOLD, Ticket and Pass. Agt.,  
340 W. Main St., Louisville, Ky.  
H. W. FULLER, Gen'l Pass. Agt.,  
Richmond, Virginia.

—TAKE THE—  
**OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.**

—FOR THE—  
**East, West and North**

—FROM—  
**Louisville!**

**3 Trains** from LOUISVILLE to CINCINNATI, the East and the North. Free Parlor Cars to Cincinnati and Palace sleeping cars to Cincinnati, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, without change.

**2 Trains** from LOUISVILLE to Northwest and Southwest, with Palace Sleeping Cars on night train, Louisville to St. Louis.

**10 Hours**



Stanford, Ky., - - - March 21, 1884

## PUTTING ON AIRS.

BY H. B. W.

The peacock is a majestic biped. Whether we contemplate the gaudiness of his plumage, the proud way in which he carries his head, or the stately style of his footsteps, there is much in his general walk and conversation that compels attention. When he lifts up his voice in a shrill scream whose notes reach as far as the ear can reach, we are attracted, even if we do not admire. He struts about with an air of importance, as if he owned the whole neighborhood and could impart information as to the value of every piece of real estate therein. From his personal appearance he might be supposed to be both wealthy and talented, for his feathers are gilded and his dainty demeanor betokens a certain kind of culture. If he was only shrewd enough to hold his tongue, people might not discover what an empty-headed creature he is. His speech betrays him. He tells his story with such mock dignity as to expose the shallowness of his pretensions. And yet he is happy because he is all unconscious of the fact that he is as easily seen through as if made of green glass instead of being clad in those gorgeous green feathers. To go on dress parade this biped has no equal. It is in the performance of solid duty that he is found lacking. For regular usefulness the ordinary barn-yard hen is his superior. While he lives the peacock is of no particular use. When slain there is but little of him, and that little makes not a very savory meal. The common duck, who waddles through the mire and quacks as he waddles, is, whether alive or dead, a far more desirable bird than the peacock in all his pomp and pride.

We must not blame the poor peacock for his apparent vanity and airiness, for circumstances beyond his control have made these traits a part of his being. For him to strut is as natural as for the duck to waddle. He comes as honestly by that high-toned screech as the snary by his tuneful song. The gay feathers grew in his tail by the same degree of Providence that provided bristles for the pig's back and wool for that of the sheep. If the bird does his best it is not for us to find fault with him. But if human beings, of whom better things might be expected, find no higher aim than to ape the bird of brilliant plumage and stately mien, they may justly be made to serve as targets for the arrows of the critic. There are some human beings who are born with golden spoons in their mouths, and for whom there is no special mission in the world except to count their spoons and strut on dress parade. Happily these people are few; so few, indeed, that the world can afford to feed them in pay for the sport and the instruction they afford. The sport is mingled with instruction, for, as the world amuses itself by looking at these people and watching their antics while on dress parade, it learns from them a wholesome lesson, namely, to be as little like them as possible. When men and women, of whom the world expects service, neglect their work to put on airs and to play peacock, the sport ceases, and the display becomes in the highest degree melancholy.

One of the saddest sights is a peacock caught in a storm. A common barn-yard fowl looks sorry enough as he stands on one leg in the rain, with dripping feathers closely adhering to his stalwart form. But such a wet fowl is beauty itself compared with the forlorn appearance of the draggled and disastrous peacock when soaked with rain and stuck up with mud. His proud head droops, his tail trails in the mire, and each step seems a misfortune. Thus it is with the airish person from under whom the stilet of pomposity are knocked, and who having for some time been appraised at his own estimate, suddenly finds himself marked down to what the world considers his actual cash value. The world makes some mistakes, but it has a fashion of marking values of this sort with a reasonable degree of accuracy.

There are three colored reporters on the staff of the Philadelphia Times. One of them, recently discharged from the police force, dresses well, wears kid gloves and carries a cane. More than a hundred newspapers in this country are edited and published by colored men. George W. Williams (formerly pastor of a colored church in Cincinnati) is one of the editors of the Boston Transcript. A colored man is reporter for an evening newspaper in Providence. Five are employed on the New York Globe. The editor of the Globe says colored men take to newspaper work as readily as ducks to water, and that the inspiration of a majority of them is the hope of reaching political office.

Owing to the frequency of petitions for rehearing the Court of Appeals has adopted this rule: Petitions for rehearing must clearly show from the record that some question duly submitted by the counsel and decided of the case has been overlooked by the court, or that the decision is in conflict with a statute or with a controlling decision to which the attention of the court was not drawn through neglect or inadvertence of counsel. Any petition violating of this rule will not be permitted to be filed, and, if filed, will be stricken from the record.

## PLEASANTRIES.

WHAT would make a good fishing-rod? We should think bass wood.

How time changes! In the good Old Testament days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now nothing short of a miracle will keep one quiet.

SCENE at Harvard, Chinese class. Student (who has just failed in a Chinese sentence, to Professor)—"Thou teachest!" Professor (furious)—"What! you dare to—" Student (calmly proceeds)—"Thou teachest a most difficult language." (Red fire, curtain.)

"Do you want to kill the child?" exclaimed a gentleman, as he saw a boy tip the baby out of its carriage on the walk. "No, not quite," replied the boy; "but if I can get him to bawl loud enough, mother will take care of him while I go and wade in the ditch with Johnny Brazer."

"How does the Empress Eugenie dress?" inquired an inquisitive female of a bachelor friend just returned from Paris. "Like a woman," was the brusque reply. "Of course," continued the inquirer, "but I wish to know if she wears costly dresses." "I understand you, madam," was the ungallant response, "she dresses like a woman—wearing the most costly garments she can procure."

A GENTLEMAN traveling in a railway carriage was endeavoring, with considerable earnestness, to impress some argument upon a fellow-passenger who was seated opposite to him, and who appeared rather dull of apprehension. At length, being slightly irritated, he exclaimed, in a louder tone, "Why, sir, it's as plain as A B C!" "That may be," quietly replied the other, "but I am D E F!"

THE natives of the Orinney islands are said to enjoy good health and to live long. For these blessings they are indebted entirely to the bracing climate and their own healthy out-door occupations. A young woman from one of these islands was asked recently whether her people were generally long lived. With unconscious naivete she replied, "Yes, they live to a great age; there's no doctor on the island."

A YOUNG lady was speaking to a friend who had called upon her regarding a trait characteristic of her mother, who always had a good word to say to every one. "Why," she said, "if Satan were under discussion mother would have a good word to say for him." Just then the mother entered and was informed what the daughter had said, whereupon she quietly replied: "Well, my dear, I think we might all imitate Satan's perseverance."

A DARTY came to a Galveston Justice of the Peace and asked for a warrant for the arrest of Tim Webster. "What's he done?" "He stole my chickens; dar's de feeders in his yard." "How do you know those feathers belonged to your chickens?" "I kin prove it by Col. Jones, but I don't like to have him bring into court, case he is so modest like." "What's the matter with Col. Jones?" "Nothing, but, to tell de troof, ever since I stole his chickens I loses all confidence in de man as soon as he looks me squar in de face."

A BOWLER was recently found on Mount Washington, showing that the mountain was completely submerged during the glacial period, contrary to the opinion hitherto entertained. The boulder corresponds to the character of the rock on Cherry mountain, ten miles northwest, and 3,000 feet below the summit of Mount Washington. It was taken down the mountain, and goes to the Natural History rooms in Boston.

At a recent anniversary celebration of the battle of North Point, near Baltimore, ten of the sixteen survivors marched in the procession. Their ages ranged from 83 to 95, and the eldest carried a flag which they defended—the flag on which, on that occasion, melted the snow which, on that occasion, melted the snow which, on that occasion, melted the snow.

## PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.

A knight of the olden time in full armor was probably as safe from the effects of a thunder-storm as if he had a lightning-rod continually beside him; and one of the Roman Emperors devised a perfectly-secure retreat in a thunder-storm in the form of a subterranean vault of iron. He was probably led to this by thinking of a mode of keeping out missiles, having no notion that a thin shell of soft copper would have been quite as effective as massive iron. But those Emperors who, as Suetonius tells us, wore laurel crowns or seal-skin robes, or descended into underground caves or cellars on the appearance of a thunder-storm, were not protected at all. Even in France, where special attention is paid to the protection of buildings from lightning, dangerous accidents have occurred where all proper precautions seemed to have been taken. But on more careful examination it was usually found that some one essential element was wanting. The most common danger seems to lie in fancying that a lightning-rod is necessarily properly connected with the earth if it dips into a mass of water. Far from it. A well-constructed reservoir full of water is not a good "earth" for a lightning-rod. The better the stone-work and cement the less are they fitted for this special purpose, and great mischief has been done by forgetting this.—Nature.

## LOCUST LEAVES.

How sad is the memory of those whom we remember only by some unkind word or act. We have just been thinking of one we used to know when we were but a little child; he was our teacher, and with a death-like dread we saw him move or heard him speak. We are not so much afraid now of anything here or hereafter as we once were of him.

We met another one this evening who once attended his school. He is a sun-browned laboring man now; he was a slender, delicate boy of twelve years then, gangling and ungraceful, with a melancholy look and tone. We looked at him and thought of our teacher, and of one afternoon at school, and of the unkind remark that fastened it all in our memory. The class had read, from one of the old readers, that interesting story of the lost child; there sat the teacher before them and asked, of the one above named, the subject of the lesson. After some hesitation, the boy replied he could not tell. "Well," said the teacher, "if you were to wander away from home so that you could not be found, what would you be called?" The name of the lesson was remembered now, and, as if some happy thought or new inspiration had beamed upon him, the boy exultingly exclaimed, "The Lost Child!" "Ha! Haw! Haw!" heartily laughed the teacher, and then said: "Well, sir, I should call you a lost b-o-y!" The indescribably hateful tone and manner in which these words were spoken rendered them peculiarly effective. It was years ago, but we shall never forget the sad, insulted look that settled on the face of that youth. He was homely, sickly, always shrinking and quiet, and very sensitive, and that bit of ridicule not only crushed him, but silenced the whole class. And this evening when he said: "Someway, I don't know why, but I never liked Mr. Johnson," we thought we knew why.

MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

## A MOUSE THAT DRANK WHISKY.

A mouse intruded himself into a lady's chamber, and found upon her toilet-table a small vial of whisky, which, it is but fair to say, the lady used for the benefit of her crimps. The vial was stoppered with a paper cork, which, of course, was saturated with whisky. The mouse nibbled off the top of the cork, and finally succeeded in drawing it, and then regaled itself with what the paper had absorbed. Under the stimulus thus secured, it had made its presence in the room very evident, and a careful search for it was promptly instituted. It was soon discovered in the drawer of a bureau, stretched out at full length on a comfortable bed, dead drunk. When it was removed and thrown upon the ground, the shock restored it to partial consciousness and to a staggering effort at locomotion. Moral: It is not safe even to smell the cork of a whisky-bottle.

THERE was not much doubt in the minds of the mob at Clinton, Dak., that Ben Day ought to be hung. He had committed the capital crime of stealing a horse, but he urged persistently that he had only meant to borrow the beast, and finally said: "If I was guilty I'd want to be hanged; and, anyhow, 'tisn't worth while to make much fuss about it. Just toss up a dime, and, if it goes again me, then I won't say a word; but if I win you're to let me go." The proposition was accepted, and Day was hanged.

## THE HERO AND THE DOG.

A dozen men were watering their throats in a Detroit saloon when two strangers entered, and one of them raised his voice and cried out: "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Capt. Green, of Chicago, the hero who was locked up in a room with a dog for two long hours, armed only with a piece of lath."

Several persons at once stepped forward and shook hands, and invited Capt. Green to drink. He had imbibed three glasses of beer and got two cigars in his pocket, when one of the men queried: "You must have felt pretty seamy?"

"Yes."  
"Was the dog mad?"  
"I don't think he was."  
"And you kept him off with the lath?"

"Yes."  
"Well, I don't want any of that. Locked in, were you?"

"Yes."  
"Couldn't have got out if the dog had been too much for you?"

"No."  
"Well, you were a hero, and that's a fact. What breed of a dog was it?"

"I think they called it a poodle," quietly replied the hero, as he slid for the door.

The crowd slid after him, but the first man out doors always has the best show to use his legs.

SPREAD yourself, brother, but don't spread yourself too thin. Too many fats in the world already.

The Prairie Farmer truly remarks that a little rethought on a farm is a good thing. It saves time, money, and much of the vexation that is liable to come without it. Like the watchman on a ship, a good farmer must be always looking ahead. He must be quick in his judgment of what should be done at the present time, and he should have a good perception to show him the best thing to do in the future.

## JAMES B. MCCREARY

Is a Candidate for Congress in the Eighth District, subject to the will of the Democracy.

## WANTED!

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER  
To build a tobacco barn 50x100 feet. Apply to or address  
A. F. VANDEWALKER,  
282-1f  
Stanford, Ky.

## POSTED!

This notice forewarns hunters, fishermen and trappers not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such acts are liable to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.  
Stanford, Ky., March 17th, 1884. [Signed.]  
D. McKittick, A. W. McCormack,  
H. T. Bush, C. Bishop,  
F. Field, Levi Hubbs,  
Higgins Kelly, F. D. Rhodes,  
B. & J. F. Gover, W. C. McCormack,  
G. L. Carter, M. B. Lytle,  
T. J. Hill, J. W. Weatherford,  
C. Vandy, Wm. Burton,  
J. A. Harris, J. S. Murphy,  
P. W. Carter, J. M. Hill,  
Ed. Carter, J. H. McAlister,  
T. J. Foster, J. D. Jones,  
T. M. White, J. Q. Montgomery,  
(282-177) H. E. Marcum.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

## National Bank of Hustonville.

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business Mar. 7, 1884.

## RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$67,902 98
Overdrafts	1,781 22
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	5,202 54
Due from other National Banks	1,840 25
Real Estate, Furniture and fixtures	1,471 84
Current expenses and taxes paid	31 15
Premiums paid	1,601 25
Checks and other cash items	33 45
Bills of other Banks	1,767 00
Specie	2,187 15
Legal-tender notes	3,560 60
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,125 00
Total	\$112,310 33

## LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$50,000 00
Surplus fund	2,342 70
Undivided profits	1,161 10
National Bank notes outstanding	22,500 00
Individual deposits subject to check	34,489 83
Due to other National Banks	1,777 24
Total	\$112,310 33

## STATE OF KENTUCKY, } ss.

County of Lincoln, }

I, J. W. Hocker, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of March, 1884.  
G. F. PEACOCK, N. P.

Correct—Attest:  
J. D. CARPENTER, } Directors.  
EDWARD ALCOCK,  
T. J. ROBINSON, }

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

## The Farmers National Bank

AT STANFORD.

In the State of Kentucky, at the Close of Business, Mar. 7, 1884.

## RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$324,575 26
Overdrafts	4,828 87
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	50,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	25,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	20,505 51
Due from other National Banks	5,654 07
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	6,300 00
Bills of other Banks	750 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies	9 80
Specie	2,000 00
Legal tender notes	6,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,250 00
Total	\$457,885 90

## LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$200,000 00
Surplus Fund	60,620 82
Undivided profits	4,267 69
National Bank Notes outstanding	45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	144,274 54
Due to other National Banks	1,574 00
Due to State Banks and Bankers	2,269 85
Total	\$457,885 90

## STATE OF KENTUCKY, } ss.

County of Lincoln, }

I, Jno. B. Owsley, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
JNO. B. OWSLEY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of Mar., 1884.  
W. M. BRIGHT, N. P. L. C.

Correct attest:  
S. M. SHANKS, } Directors.  
J. W. ALCOCK,  
J. B. OWSLEY, }

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF STANFORD.

At Stanford, in the State of Kentucky, at Close of Business, Mar. 7, 1884.

## RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$704,168 08
Overdrafts	4,618 74
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	200,000 00
Merchandise	14,436 26
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	23,100 00
Due from approved reserve agents	2,625 14
Due from other National Banks	6,993 44
Due from State Banks and Bankers	1 00
Real Estate, furniture and fixtures	8,857 56
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,120 35
Premiums paid	21,789 49
Checks and other cash items	3,217 87
Bills of other banks	4,120 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies	45 94
Specie	3,367 21
Legal tender notes	8,100 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	9,000 00
Total	\$615,591 07

## LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	\$250,000 00
Surplus Fund	4,000 00
Undivided profits	5,982 39
Individual deposits subject to check	167,658 71
Due to other National Banks	7,125 55
Due to State Banks and Bankers	891 42
Total	\$615,591 07

## STATE OF KENTUCKY, } ss.

County of Lincoln, }

I, Jno. J. McRoberts, Cashier of above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
JNO. J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of Mar., 1884.  
W. M. BRIGHT, N. P. L. C.

CORRECT ATTEST:  
J. S. HOCKER, } Directors.  
D. W. VANDERVEER,  
H. C. BRIGHT, }

## BRIGHT &amp; CURRAN,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

## GROCERS!!

—AND DEALERS IN—

## HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE.

## Farming Implants, Buggies, Wagons,

—INCLUDING THE—

## Mitchell, Orchard City and Winchester Wagons, McFarland and U. S. Buggies and Carriages.

—SOLE AGENTS FOR—

## South-Bend and Hamilton Plows, Sole Agents for Furst &amp; Bradley's Sulky and Turning Plows,

## Riding and Walking Cultivators, Sole Agents for Evans Corn Planter and Thomas Harrow;

## Also Agents for Walter A. Wood Harvesting Machines;

ALL AT BED ROCK PRICES.

## T. R. WALTON,

## GROCER, E

## COR. MAIN &amp; SOMERSET STS.,

## STANFORD, - KENTUCKY.



# BY ORDER OF THE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

I will begin to sell

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 84!

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF

## CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, &C.,

### DAMAGED BY WATER AT THE LATE FIRE!

At appraisers' value, which means

## GOODS AT 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

Don't let this chance slip, and call early to avoid the rush. In order to give all a fair chance, no goods will be sold by the bolt or in a lump.

# D. K L A S S,

Stanford, Ky., March 20, 1884.

Opposite Myers House.

#### Special Cars for Train Cranks.

"All passenger trains should have one cattle car and compel every man who chews tobacco to ride in it."

"And they should also haul one flat car," said the cross passenger, "for the fresh air woman who always insists on keeping the car window open. She should sit on a slab seat on an open grated car and breathe the ashes and cinders to her soul's content."

"And a dark and lonely box car," said the tall, thin passenger, "for the man who whistles. The whistlers could all get together in there and sit and drum on the sides of the car with their fingers and whistle all the tunes they didn't know and the rest of the train would be happy."

"And a Kalamazoo velocipede," said the fat passenger, "for the man who drums on the floor with his feet every time the train stops." Here the man on the wood-box suddenly ceased pounding his favorite overtire with his heels.

"By the time he had worked his knees on express time forty-five miles," continued the fat passenger, without appearing to notice anything, "he might be able to give his feet a vacation of two or three hours."

"And occasionally," the man on the wood box said, leaning forward to gaze intently into the stove, "they might put on Barnum's Jumbo car for the man who always has to ride over the trucks for fear of springing the car."

There was an embarrassing silence of a minute or two, when the fat passenger said something about the refrigerator cars for the man who was too fresh to keep in a day coach and then everybody began to fear the conversation was taking on a congressional aspect and so the committee rose and shortly after adjourned.—[Robt. J. Burdette.]

While Mr. Townsend was in Washington he hit upon the signature "Gath," which has become so widely known. He has given me the following account of the manner in which he developed the name:

"Applications for my letters came pouring in from all sides. I was writing for the *Cleveland Leader* over my initials, for the *Cincinnati Commercial* over the name Swede and for the *St. Louis Democrat* over the name Finn and was using my initials besides in the *New York Tribune* and in a Philadelphia paper. Suddenly the *Chicago Tribune* applied, too; I put down G. A. T. and then balanced my pen and said: 'I am tired of writing that,' so I tried to make some monogram of it and the only consonant that would make a syllable with it was H, which I added. 'Hello,' said I, 'that is a Philistia city. Hello, again,' it is written in the scriptures, 'Tell it not in Gath.' (That Goliath has fallen) So I wrote Gath below the letter. Soon after that Mr. Horace White bought my whole correspondence up at a salary and Gath became my only known signature for years; so that I found last winter, when I went lecturing, that I had written my own name out of existence, like a married woman and was merely Mr. Gath.

"Post-offices, race-horses and cigars have been named 'Gath,' and my wife wanted me to call my last boy by the same name, but I presented him with my original name to him and he now says his name is Geo. Alfred Townsend, Jr."—[Cor. Marietta Leader.]

#### The Mother of Forty-Four Children.

If the great Napoleon's famous definition of superlative female excellence may be accepted as correct, Dr. Mary Austin is unquestionably the most admirable woman in France. This lady completed her 53d year of wedded life, during which period she has presented her husband with no fewer than forty-four pledges of her wifely affection. In the spring of 1853, four years after her marriage, May Austin, nee Kilind, passed her final examination at the Medical College of Orleans and obtained diplomas authorizing her to practice in both branches of her profession. As soon as the Franco-Prussian war broke out she joined the army with her husband and the prolific pair served with extraordinary distinction throughout the struggle—Dr. Austin in her surgical capacity and Col. Austin as an active militant. The former, while attending to the hurts of her comrades under fire, was thrice wounded in action—the latter five times. At the conclusion of the war the valiant doctor, having lost her eye in the service of her country, but in other respects more the worse for her injuries and fatigues, returned to her private practice covered with glory and in the enjoyment of a staff officer's pension. Since then she has lived in peace and honor, the pride of her fellow citizens and indefatigable in her endeavors to render her warrior lord the happiest of fathers.—[Boston Transcript.]

SPRING PLOWING.—While it is, undoubtedly, desirable to get the land plowed as early as possible, to prevent the work from crowding during the season, it must be borne in mind that nothing is gained, but much lost by plowing the ground while it is too wet. If land is plowed while it is saturated with moisture, it will cake or bake and especially so if the land is clayey or heavy and no amount of after work or cultivation during the season will get it into good condition. We have made such mistakes ourselves and no doubt others have and will do so again in the desire to be forehanded with their work. Any land which is inclined to bake should never be disturbed with the plow, in the spring, until it can be put in first-class order with plow and harrow. Not only will all the work during the season be more laborious on a piece plowed while too wet, but the crop will not be as fine or profitable as on a piece plowed when just in the right condition.

A LETTER OF ANDREW JACKSON.—The Little Rock Gazette prints the following as a veritable letter of Andrew Jackson. It certainly has a characteristic flavor:

"I was glad to hear from you, and to know that the Lord, in His divine mercy, had thus far spared you. May He ever bless us and damn our enemies. We must all lean on the cross for support, for man is weak. Did you ever see such a d-d scoundrel as John Q. Adams? I am pleased to hear that you have professed religion and joined the church. This more effectually elevates you above the d-d Whigs."

A San Francisco woman begged hard to be allowed to marry a man who was to be hanged next day. The Sheriff was a tender-hearted man and refused her request. He said hanging was as severe a punishment as the wretch deserved; and one "roping in" was enough.

#### OUR LITTLE ONES.

Who can look at a little child and not feel the divine love and innocence reflected in its dear little face? And yet I see all around me mothers who, when they have clothed and fed their children, turn them into the streets to play, not knowing, not caring what company they keep, and think to themselves, "Now I have done my duty, and they are all right for an hour or two at least." Surely this does not comprise a mother's duty? Poor little lambs! I feel, when I see one of these neglected ones, that I must clasp him to my heart and take him home with me, that the poor child may know the life my boy leads and grows strong in.

Oh, mothers, love the little ones! Teach them that mother is their friend; that mother sees and understands their trials and troubles; make them feel that you sympathize with them, and that you never are too busy to speak a comforting word. Make home lovely and attractive; tell them stories, sing them songs; have games for the long winter evenings; and they will love their home and parents. My boy, now 9 years old, still, when tired of all else, creep into my arms, and, laying his head on my breast, say:

"I know I'm heavy, mamma, but sing to me a little while."

God bless him! I am only too glad to feel that he has not outgrown all love for mother's songs and mother's arms; so I sing him song after song, wondering the while how any mother can resist the love and affection that a little child gives when taught to look to mother for comfort.

A child brought up in a loving and refined manner cannot fail to reflect credit upon its parents; and from the heart of me who is made happy in his childhood the picture of home and mother never fades; and in after years, when assailed by the cares of mature manhood, he will look back and say, "God bless my mother!"

A Florida correspondent suggests that the Government supply telegraph, railroad, and steamboat companies with flags and lanterns suitable to indicate by day or night the different features of the weather bulletins, and require their display accordingly as the reports are telegraphed over the country. We hardly see on what ground the Government could insist on the signals being so displayed, although it supplies the daily reports to all who care to take them. One of the trunk railroads has, however, shown the enterprise to adopt a system somewhat such as suggested, greatly to the satisfaction of the country people along its line.

"Who killed the President?" demanded Mr. Milliken, of Maine, in an excited manner, in the House Saturday. "A man who boasted at the time that he was a Stalwart Republican," replied Mr. Townsend. Much excitement followed and was increased when Mr. Reed, of Maine, took the floor and lectured Mr. Townsend in the severest terms for the course he was pursuing.

#### KILLING A SHARK.

We were on our way from Vera Cruz to Europe, and all interest was centered in a man whom we had seen a day or two before in the Mexican port. It was Manuel, the shark-killer. For a doubtless tall, muscular enemy of the fierce fish offered to display his skill. We soon made up the amount, and the next day he came out to our steamer in a light rig.

"At your service, sir," was his salute. He pointed at several large sharks that were hovering near the vessel to snap at anything that fell from it. He went down into the bark in which he had come off, and, throwing off his *sarape*, grasped an enormous cutlass, and took a keen knife between his teeth. Then, going to the bow, he plunged boldly in, describing a long, graceful curve as he cut through the clear waters of the gulf.

When he came to the surface he struck out for the vessel, followed by the sharks, which, however, did not approach him very closely. After a time he turned on his back, and was as motionless as a log. Then we saw six sharks rush toward him; but when the leader got within a few yards it halted, as if uncertain. It did not seem to like the looks of the floating log, till, evidently smelling its prey, it turned over, and rushing at Manuel, tried to seize him by the waist. The Mexican was ready. He dived, passed under the brute, and, turning back, struck at him with his knife. Whether the aim was bad, or the blade slipped, the shark, unhurt, turned over again and swam rapidly off.

The second shark was only a few feet off. Without losing a minute, Manuel plunged down again, and, coming up under the shark, laid it open with a vigorous blow. The shark rose to the surface, pouring out a red tide of blood, and was soon floating lifeless past the side of the vessel.

Cheers and hurrahs greeted Manuel as he climbed back into his craft, having won his prize. We soon had him on board amid a lively party.

One of the sailors took the whole affair in dudgeon, and said he could do as much. The Captain gave him leave to make the trial. As soon as sharks were again seen he descended the ladder. The cook threw over a spoiled codfish, and a huge shark darted at it. Then the sailor plunged in. As he rose to the surface, knife in hand, ready to strike, he was seized with cramps, to which he was subject. His knife dropped from his hand, and in an instant three sharks were upon him and all was over.

"So much for trying a trade before you learn it," said Manuel.

It was the sailor's funeral oration.

"Madame, you've destroyed five dollars' worth of merchandise," angrily remarked a dude to a lady, as she seated herself in a chair in which he had deposited a new Derby hat. "Serves you right," she replied, slowly rising from the ruin, "you had no business to buy a \$5 hat for a 50-cent head."

#### ANCIENT DENTISTRY.

Sir Gardiner Wilkinson affirms that teeth stopped with gold have been found in Egyptian mummies, and other learned gentlemen hold vigorously that the thing is an impossibility. Dr. John Gaiger, in the *British Medical Journal*, says that in the Etruscan Museum of Corneto, the ancient Tarquinia of Etruria, and a few hours' distance from Rome, he has seen teeth in a skull bound together by threads of gold cleverly twisted in and out among them, and that he has seen the same thing in museums in the Vatican and elsewhere. From these facts he presumes that it is quite probable the ancient Egyptians had more or less skillful dentists. His deduction is supported by a gentleman who is positive that he once saw in the Meyer Museum, in Liverpool, the jawbone of a mummified Egyptian, in which a number of teeth were secured by a golden wire. It is also claimed that the Hindoos, 600 years ago, knew something about the art of binding together teeth that were disposed to abandon each other's company. Mr. Briggs, in his "Rise and Fall of the Mohammedan Power in India," describes a battle in which Kootub-ud-Din, the famous General of Mohammed Ghory, who built the Kootub, a tower which rises near Delhi to a height that makes it one of the most beautiful wonders of the world, slew with an arrow a powerful Rajah, whose corpse was afterward identified, according to the writings of Ferishta, by his artificial teeth, which were bound together by wires of gold.

#### DETAILS OF THE STAGE.

It is wonderful what a great deal may be made of a small part by great attention to small details. All play-goers, even of this generation, will recollect with what grace and ease, and, above all, effect, Charles Matthews used to manipulate his pocket-handkerchief. And in one of his great parts, Lavater, it was difficult to decide what most attracted the attention of the audience—the actor or his walking-stick. Mrs. Alfred Mellen (Miss Woolgart), when playing sou-brettes, did a wonderful business with her apron, perfectly natural, and yet unconventional. Fechter taking snuff (a very difficult matter to do on the stage) out of his creaking box, in "Robert Macaire," was a "bit" to be noted and remembered. He was also one of the few actors whom a sword simply worn at the side did not make look ridiculous.

These kinds of little details are well worthy the careful notice of aspiring amateurs, and will probably gain them some applause when they least expect it. Above all, let them learn to pronounce slowly and distinctly, and especially to avoid Tom Bulbul's lip immortalized by Thackeray, "You atk me if I thuffer."—*London Globe*.

DURING the year 1879 the earnings of the railroads in the United States were over \$29,000,000, or nearly double the entire revenue of the national Government.

#### THE CAREFUL IRISH LAW BREAKER.

No Irishman ever breaks the law without having one eye watching over his shoulder, to be sure his way of escape is open. I remember when I first went over a characteristic story was current. A man was under sentence of death for some bad crime. A gentleman whom he used to live near chanced to know that the man had meant to shoot him. He went to the jail the day before the man was to be hanged, and said to him: "You might as well tell me, Pat, since it can now make no difference to you, why you did not shoot me; for I know you meant to do it?" The gentleman was a capital shot, and always carried arms, and was known to be very resolute. The answer was: "Well, your Honor, it's true it will make no odds to me now; so I'll tell ye. I had ye covered twice from behind a ditch, and as I was going to pull the trigger the thought went through my head, 'By heavens, if I miss him, it's all up with me.'"—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

As appalling act of cruelty is reported from Pontremoli, Italy. A female lay-servant in the employ of the Carmelite nuns was found stealing some bread belonging to the sisterhood, and was sentenced by a tribunal composed of the Abbess and two nuns "to undergo the torments of purgatory." Having conveyed her to a cell in which was an iron stove heated red hot, they tied her hands tightly together behind her back, held her face down for several minutes close to the surface of the glowing metal until her scorched eyes had lost their sight forever and her whole face was converted into one huge blister. So profound was the horror generated throughout the sisterhood that its perpetrators, despite conventual discipline, were denounced by several members of the community to the local authorities, who, after instituting a searching inquiry into the circumstances of the case, have consigned the Abbess and her confederate tormentors to prison, where they are now awaiting their trial.

The Opposition party in Canada as set that the proposition to give the construction of the Canada Pacific railway to a London syndicate is a stupendous job. The cost of the work, as estimated by the Government, is as follows:

Thunder Bay to Selkirk	\$12,000,000
Pendulo to Selkirk	1,000,000
Selkirk, 200 miles west	2,400,000
Yale to Kamloops	9,000,000

This would give the syndicate works valued at \$27,400,000. Add to this \$10,000 per mile subsidy on 2,000 miles

Total receipts of syndicate, \$147,400,000. Sir Hugh Allan estimated in 1872 that the road would cost \$80,000,000; Sir Charles Tupper puts it at \$85,000,000. This would leave the syndicate a margin of \$62,400,000, besides a road costing \$85,000,000. If it is true that New York is claiming the privilege that the London syndicate has obtained, it is no wonder, as most capitalists would be glad to get their fingers into such a pie.